NEW SONGS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

"Velut arbor ævo."

MAIN ST. WINNIPEG.

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PREFACE.

The need for a new volume of the University Song Book having been felt for some time, a Committee was appointed at a mass meeting of students in the Spring of '97 to carry on the work. The present volume is the result of their efforts, and comprises an entirely new compilation, none of the songs contained in the old volume being found in this one.

A feature of the book is the collection of specially written University of Toronto Songs. The Committee felt that there was room for new Alma Mater songs and held a competition in which a large number of manuscripts were submitted, the prize being awarded to Mr. H. H. Godfrey for his song "Toronto," or "The Pride of the North," which with some others is contained in this volume.

There will also be found a number of old songs such as "Sally in our Alley," forgotten by the last generation but new to the young people of the present day, which it is believed are worthy of preservation.

The chorus arrangements are for the most part for male voices, though in some instances arrangements for mixed voices have been thought best. The whole work has been under the able supervision of Mr. Arthur Blakeley, and his advice and assistance have proved invaluable, while the well known publishers Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. Toronto Ont. have spared no efforts to make the engraving and lithographing, as well as the binding second to nothing in this line.

The Committee wish to return thanks to the publishers who have kindly given permission to use copyrights controlled by them, and to the many who have assisted by their contributions, or otherwise towards the success of the book. Of these, especial mention might be made of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. W. H. Drummond. Others who have materially contributed to the compilation are Messrs. W. H. Blake, H. H. Godfrey, J. E. Jones and J. D. Spence.

An effort has been made to trace each song to its original source and secure permission to use it from the proper parties. This search has in some cases proved futile, and the Committee craves the indulgence of any whose strict rights may have been inadvertently infringed.

W. R. P. PARKER, *Chairman.*
J. L. R. PARSONS, *Secretary.*
G. H. BLACK, J. R. MEREDITH, J. D. RUTHVEN.

"TORONTO"
or
The Pride of the North.

Marziale.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

f

mf

1. Where smiles the lake 'neath a sky ev - er blue,
2. Where springs the turf on the camp - us so green,—
3. Up with the Blue and the White! let them wave

mf

mf

Where blooms the ma - ple tree,— There stands Tor - on - to the
There too, her sons are seen;— Each man - ly sport has a
High o'er the old grey tower:— Forth from its por-tals have

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MDCCCXCVIII by Whaley, Royce & Co at the Department of Agriculture.

rall.

Pride of the North; And her chil - dren all are
home in their hearts; And its cham - pions oft they've
stepped, in their might, This Do - min - ion's men of

rall.

a tempo *stacc.*

we. Yes, we are from Tor - on - to, Our Al - ma
been. Yes, they win for Tor - on - to, With light la-
power. Yes, they come from Tor - on - to, Our no - ble

stacc.

Ma - ter, our moth - er dear; And proud - ly now we sing her
crosse stick or fly - ing ball; And gai - ly so they'll rush to
states - men, our sol - diers true; And fond - ly each one hails the

rall.

prais - es, That all may know that her sons are near.
viet - 'ry, When e'er they march at their Coun - try's call.
mem - 'ry of that dear spot 'neath the White and Blue.

rall.

REFRAIN. With dignity.

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to,— Proud Mis - tress of the North!— With

ff *with dignity.*

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go march - ing forth.

rall.

Alternative Refrain for male voices. (Air in first Bass.)

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to,— Proud Mis - tress of the North!— With

ff

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go— march - ing forth.—

rall.

LOVELY ANGELINE.

With expression. *Moderately fast.* FRANK B. CONVERSE.

'Twas on a summer's eve when roses bloom, I met a charm-ing

Parts soft always. La, la, la la la la, la, la,

2nd BASS. Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

creature; The air was fragrant with the sweet per-fume That told of love to

la, la, la, la, la, la la la la, la, la,

bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

me. 'Twas a rosebud she gave me as a to-ken, lovers' to-ken, all un-

la la la, la, la, la, la, la la la,

bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

spo-ken, And she swore her vow would ne'er be bro-ken; Oh, I'm

la la la, la, la, la, la,

bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,

+) *Note:*— The upper line in the parts is 1st Tenor; the next 2nd Tenor; and the next 1st Bass.

hap-py, yes, as hap-py as can be. She's a dar - - ling, she's a

faster

la la la la. She's, she is a dar-ling,

Parts soft.

bum, bum. She's, she is a dar-ling,

queen, She's the fair - - est one I've seen, And my

and she's a queen, She is the fair - est one that I have seen,

and she's a queen, She is the fair - est one that I have seen,

heart is all se - rene, For she loves but me, and

And my heart is all se-rene, For she loves but me, and

And my heart is all se-rene, For she loves but me, and

she has told me so; She's a tu - - lip, she's a rose, She's the

she has told me so; She is a tu-lip, and she's a rose, She's the

she has told me so; She is a tu-lip, and she's a rose,

fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright-est star that

fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright-est star that

fair - est flower that in the gar - den grows, The bright-est star that

slowly. ritard.

in the gar - den grows, My charming, my love - ly An - ge - line.

in the gar - den grows, My charming, my love - ly An - ge - line.

in the gar - den grows, my love - ly An - ge - line.

LATHERY.

Vivace.

1. Oh! does the Freshman smoke, Oh! does the Freshman smoke, Oh! does the lathery

Freshman smoke, ca, ca, lath-ery smoke? Oh! does the Freshman smoke?

2. Oh, no, it makes him sick, etc.
3. What cometh there from the hills? etc.
4. There cometh a tutor grim, etc.
5. What bringeth he in his hand? etc.
6. He brings a brace of stars etc.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

Voice.

Piano.

1. A man and a maid went out row-ing, All on a fine sum-mer day; The man made love to the maid-en, While the oars float-ed soft-ly a-way; And then they were left on the wa-ter, And wa-t'ry tears fill'd their ca-noe,

2. A ques-tion he asked of the maid-en: "Your hand, dearest girl, I would own." The way she re-plied to his que-ry Would have melt-ed a hon-ey-moon stone. He wait-ed to hear her sweet an-swer: "If 'thou wilt, I'll sure-ly have thee;" And

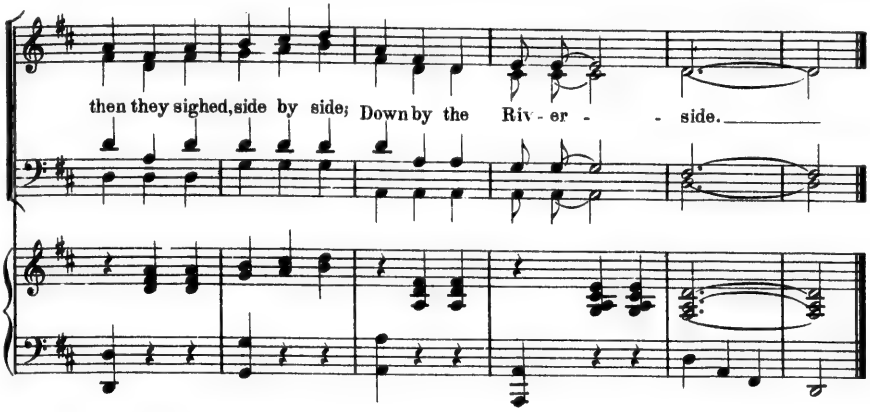
3. "My i-dol," he cried, as he kiss'd her, She i-dled, and he i-dled too; "The belle of cre-a-tion," he call'd her; She bel-lowed, and what could he do? He call'd for a po-ny of bran-dy, And harness'd it up for a ride; And

For they both started to boo - hoo, Down by the Riv - er - side.
promptly he wilted for glee, see? Down by the Riv - er - side.
then they drove off to the par - son's, Down by the Riv - er - side.

CHORUS. (*Mixed voices.*)

Down by the Riv - er - - side, Down by the

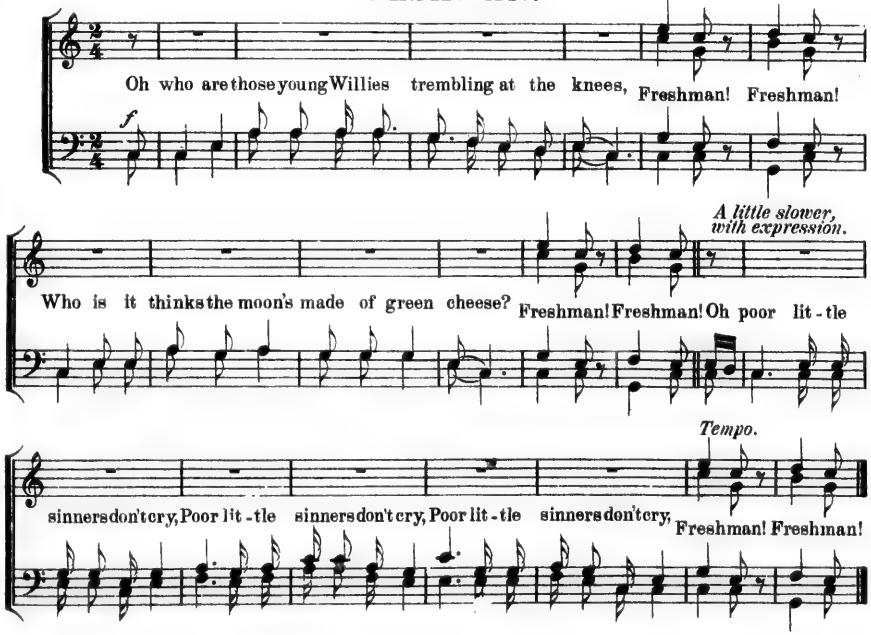
Riv - er - side, He sighed, and she sighed, And



4. One day I went out to the Woodbine,
I thought that the horses I knew;
I expected to win a small fortune
By risking a dollar or two.
I picked an old nag for a winner—
Hark, to my story of whoa!
The horse could not go, he was so slow,
Down by the Riverside. — *Chorus.*

5. John took his best girl to the football,
She was timid and very refined;
She thought that her lover was pious
As her papa who sat right behind;
No more will he take her to football
And now she'd like to bawl well.
For Queens dropped a goal from the centre field
And Johnny he said: "Oh-my!"— *Chorus.*

"FRESHMAN!"



THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE."

Words by W. H. DRUMMOND, M. D.
(Used by special permission of Author.)

Music written by H. H. GODFREY
for University Song Book.

M. M. ♪=152.

Voice.

Piano.

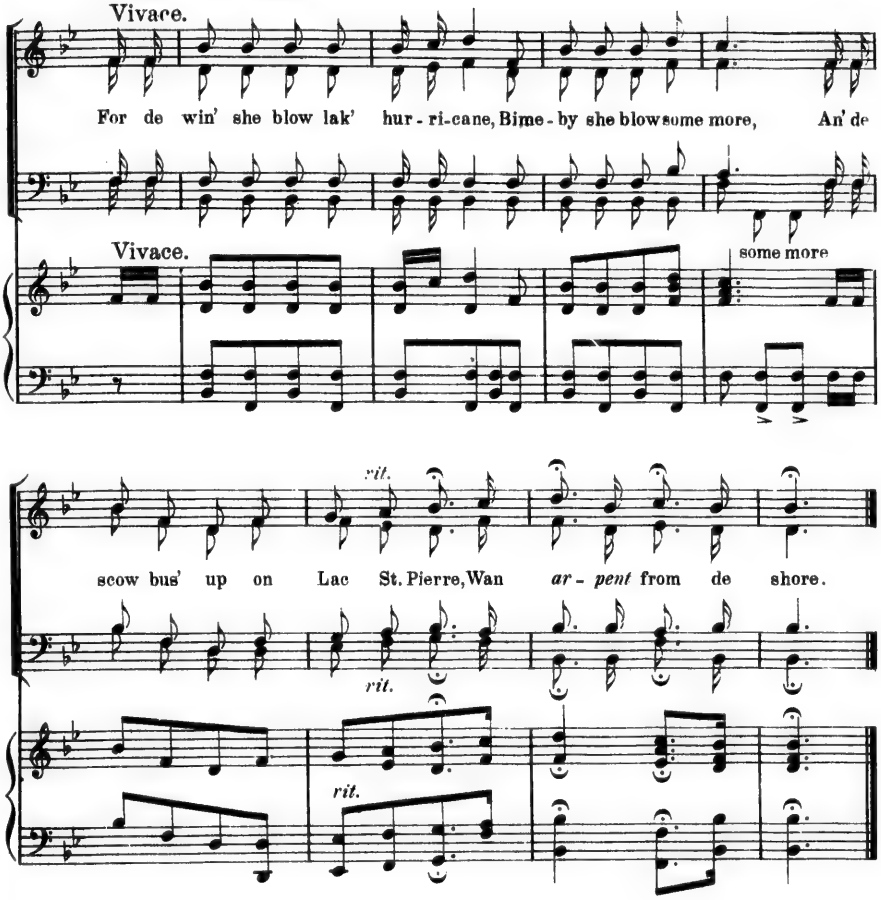
1. On wan dark night, on Lac St. Pierre, De win' she blow, blow,
2. De cap-tinne walk on de front deck, An' walk de hin' deck

blow, An' de crew of de wood-scow "Ju-lie Plante," Got scart, an' run be-
too, He___ call de___ crew from up de hole, He call de cook al-

low. For de win' she blow lak' hur-ri-cane, Bime-by she blow some
so. De___ cook she's name was Ro-sie, She came from Mon-tre-

more, An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre, Wan *ar-pent* from de shore.
al, Was cham-ber-maid on lombaire barge, On de grande La-chine ca-nal.

rit.



3. De win' she blow from Nor'— Eas'—Wes',
De Sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher—wa't *I* shall do?"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But still de scow she drif';
De crew he can't pass on de shore
Becos he los' his skiff.—*Chorus.*

4. De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve
An' jomp off on de lac',
An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."—*Chorus.*

5. Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout half pas' two—tree—four—
De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore;
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bime-by she blow some more—
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan *arpent* from de shore.—*Chorus.*

6. Now all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
An' live on wan big farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' *spose* she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.—*Chorus.*

THEY KISSED, I SAW THEM DO IT.

C. B. HAWLEY.

Allegretto.

Quasi Recitativo.

mf Be - neath a sha - dy tree they sat; Be - neath a sha - dy tree they sat.

He held her hand, She held his hat. He held her hand, She held his hat. I held my breath And lay right flat. They kiss'd, I saw them do it, They kiss'd, I saw them do it, I saw them do it;

pp *pp*

accel. e cresc. *accel. e cresc.*

a tempo They kiss'd, I saw them do it.

rit. *misterioso* *a tempo*

They kiss'd, I saw them do it.

He held that kiss-ing was no

He held that kiss-ing was no crime;

crime; She

She held her head up ev - 'ry time.

held her head up ev - 'ry time; I held my peace, And

p

p

accel. e cresc.

wrote this rhyme. And they thought no one knew it, And

accel. e cresc.

they thought no one knew it, thought no one knew it,

rit.

And

a tempo

And they thought no one knew it.

a tempo

they thought no one knew it.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

mp

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating curds and whey,

As peaceful and contented as a maiden well could be,

mf

Till suddenly there came up a horrid big spider,

Which same vile monster deliberately seated himself beside her;

Mysteriously.

pp

Whereupon little Miss Muffet ignominious-ly did flee.

Meanwhile little Jackey Horner sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie;

cresc.

He put in his thumb and extricating a colossal, able-bodied and very tempt-ing plum,

mp

He placed it where it would do most good,

and smacking his lips con - tent - ed - ly

Spoken: ex-claimed, Yum! Yum!

RECESSIONAL.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Allegro maestoso.

1st & 2nd TENORS.

1st & 2nd BASSES.

Piano.

Marcato molto.

ff *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *f marcato*

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line, Be-neath whose aw-ful
3. Far call'd, our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire, Lo, all our pomp of—
5. For hea-then heart that puts her trust In reek-ing tube and i-ron shard— All val-iant dust that

f *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.*

ff *più placido*

Hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:— Lord God of Hosts, be
yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre! Judge of the na-tions,
builds on dust, And guard-ing calls not Thee to guard, For fran-tic boast and

ff *più placido*

ff *più placido*

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molto f *mf* *poco rall.* *5th Verse only.* *f*

with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
spare us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
fool - ish word, Thy mer-cy on Thy peo-ple, Lord! A - men.

mf *poco rall.* *f*

molto f *mf* *dolente* *f*

SOLO. Meno mosso.

2. The tu - mult and the shouting dies, The Cap - tains and the Kings de -
4. If drunk with sight of pow'r we loose, Wild tongues that have not Thee in

pp

The shouting dies,
The pow'r we loose,

pp

Meno mosso. *mf*

cresc. sempre

part, Still stands thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An
awe, Such boast - ing as the Gen-tiles use, Or

mf

The Kings de-part! Thy sac - ri - fice!
Not Thee in awe! The Gentiles use!

mf

cresc. sempre

f *poco rall.* *ff* *poco accel.*

hum-ble and a con-trite heart, Lord God of Hosts,
les-ser breeds without the law, Lord God of Hosts,

f

A con-trite heart,
Without the law,

f

ff marcato molto *poco rall.* *poco accel.*

marcato rall. *dim.* *mf*

be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for - get, for-get.
be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for - get, for-get.

marcato rall. *dim. p*

Ped. * Ped. *

Tempo I. 5th Verse Dal Segno.
Grandioso.

mf pesante *rall.*

"SHE WAS BUT SEVEN."

Allegretto. C. B. HAWLEY.

p *mf* *f*

She was but seven, I was nine. I loved her

p *mf* *f*

mf

rall. *a tempo*

mad - ly and she knew it. I knelt and begg'd her

rall. *a tempo*

to be mine. She said she real - ly could not do it.

Little slower.

p

At thir - ty - eight her hair is gray, Her ros - es

p *mf*

Tempo I.

f

bright - er bloom than ev - er. To - mor - row is our

f

wed - ding day, 'Tis late, but bet - ter late than nev - er.

VALEDICTORY.

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE '89. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES '88.

TENORS. (8va lower.) *p* *cresc.*

So old grey pile, fare - well! So old grey pile, fare - well! We

BASSES. *p* *cresc.*

mp *sf*

leave thy halls with boy-hood's days be-hind us, leave thy halls with

mp *sf*

f *p*

boyhood's days behind us. Forth we wend,

f Forth we wend, (Piano)

p *p*

(Air sung by 2nd Tenor.)

No long-er friend-ed by thy shelt'r-ing care, No

No long-er friend-ed by thy shelt'ring care, Forth we wend,

SOLO.

long-er friend-ed by thy shelt'r-ing care, Forth we wend, To

forth we wend, forth we wend,

CHORUS. 1st Tenor ad lib.

pp (Piano)

walk the world's uncertain paths untried and myst'ry veil'd before us.

Note. — For accompaniment play upper line an octave lower.

SOLO. Più mosso. rall. a tempo

No long - er friended by thy shelt'r - ing care, No long - er friended by thy shelt'ring care, To

pp TENORS.

So old grey pile, fare-well! fare-well! So old grey pile, fare-well! farewell! So

pp BASSES.

walk the world's un-cer-tain paths un-tried and myst - 'ry veil'd be - fore us.

old grey pile, fare - well! fare-well! So old grey pile, fare-well!

mp cresc.

Ere we go we turn to - night to thee, Ere we go we

mp cresc.

ff

turn to-night to thee, Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, to

ff

dim. *mp*

thee, to— thee. We look once more up - on thy state-ly tur - rets,

mp *dim.*

p *rall.*

And with pain, to youth and you, grey towers, we bid fare - well! (Piano.) O

p *rall.*

Con espress.

ten-der mother, nur-tur-er of souls! Fare-well! fare-well! fare - well! O—

ten - der mother, nur - tur - er of souls! Fare-well! fare - well! fare-well!

A CATASTROPHE.

Words by CHAS. M. SHELDON. Music by N. B. SPRAGUE.

Allegro vivace. *ff*

There was a tack, There was a tack.

ff

There was a boy, There was a boy.

rit. *a tempo* *Repeat pp*

There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach - er new.

rit. *a tempo*

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head, The

The tack sat down up - on its head,

accel.

tack sat down up - on its head, The

molto rit.

The tack sat down up - on its head,

tack sat down up - on its head, *molto rit.* The

p rit.

The teach - er sat down too.

very slow

tack sat down up - on its head. *p rit.*

a tempo

and seized the boy, Then

a tempo

and seized the boy, Then up he rose,

Then up he rose,

up he rose,

rit.

a tempo *pp*

and seized the boy, Then up he rose, Who

rit. *rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

and seized the boy,

cresc.

shook in ev - 'ry joint, Who shook in ev - 'ry joint; Then

cresc.

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev - 'ry joint.

p

(*The Boy.*) I on - ly meant it for a joke; I on - ly meant it for a joke;

f *rit.* *Adagio.* *pp*

I on - ly meant it for a joke. the point!

f (*The Teacher.*) *pp*

rit. I failed to see the point!

GRIT.

C. D. MERRILL. W. W. SLEEPER.

♩=96.

1. Now John - ny Sands from Chi - li - koot came, A
2. He wrestled with Lat - in, and strug-gled with Greek; But

moun - tain Fresh-man raw, But with all the grit of his
Hor - ace's metri - cal law, And Homer's fierce grip laid him

cresc.

Chi - li - koot name He'd not e-nough sand in his craw.
flat on his back, For he had - n't the sand in his craw.

ff

REFRAIN.

sf

Not e-nough sand! Not e-nough sand!

Not e-nough sand! Not e-nough sand!

Grit, grit, Not e-nough sand in his craw.

grit, grit, Not e-nough sand in his craw.

3. When the annual Ex. he came to pass,
The Annual's powerful paw
Expunged him entirely out of the class,
Because he'd no sand in his craw.

4. A maiden came singing and dancing by,
And smiled 'neath her hat of straw;
"Be mine," he cried, "No, no," her reply,
"You've not enough sand in your craw."

5. Now raging, he ran to the sandy shore,
And cried with a wild hurrah!
"I'll swallow a bushel of silex or more,
I'll put enough sand in my craw."

6. He swallowed it up, and he swallowed it down,
He crammed to the full of his maw;
"A bushel of silex," the coroner wrote,
"Was too much sand in his craw."

THE LOST DAGO.

AIR: "The Lost Chord."

1. An Italian jay with an organ,
And a monkey, full of fleas,
Came into our street to play,
In several different keys.
I know not what he was playing,
Nor what he was playing at;
But he struck one chord of music
Like the wail of an alto cat.

2. It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like a case of musical jams;
While from adjacent windows,
Came a chorus of gilt-edged verbs,—
The air was filled with bureaus;
And somebody threw a knife;
It made a hole in the Dago,
And ended his wretched life.

3. After the strife was over
Came a guardian of the peace;
But all he could find of that Dago,
Was one little spot of grease.
He searched, but he searched vainly,
One little trace to find
Of that jay with the wheezy organ,
That came to our street to grind.

4. It may be that Death's bright angels,
Removed his poor remains;
It may be that now he's in Heaven,
Giving those angels pains.
It may be he's playing the white keys
But I'd rather wager a "ten"
That they'll fire him out of Heaven
If he strikes that chord again.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

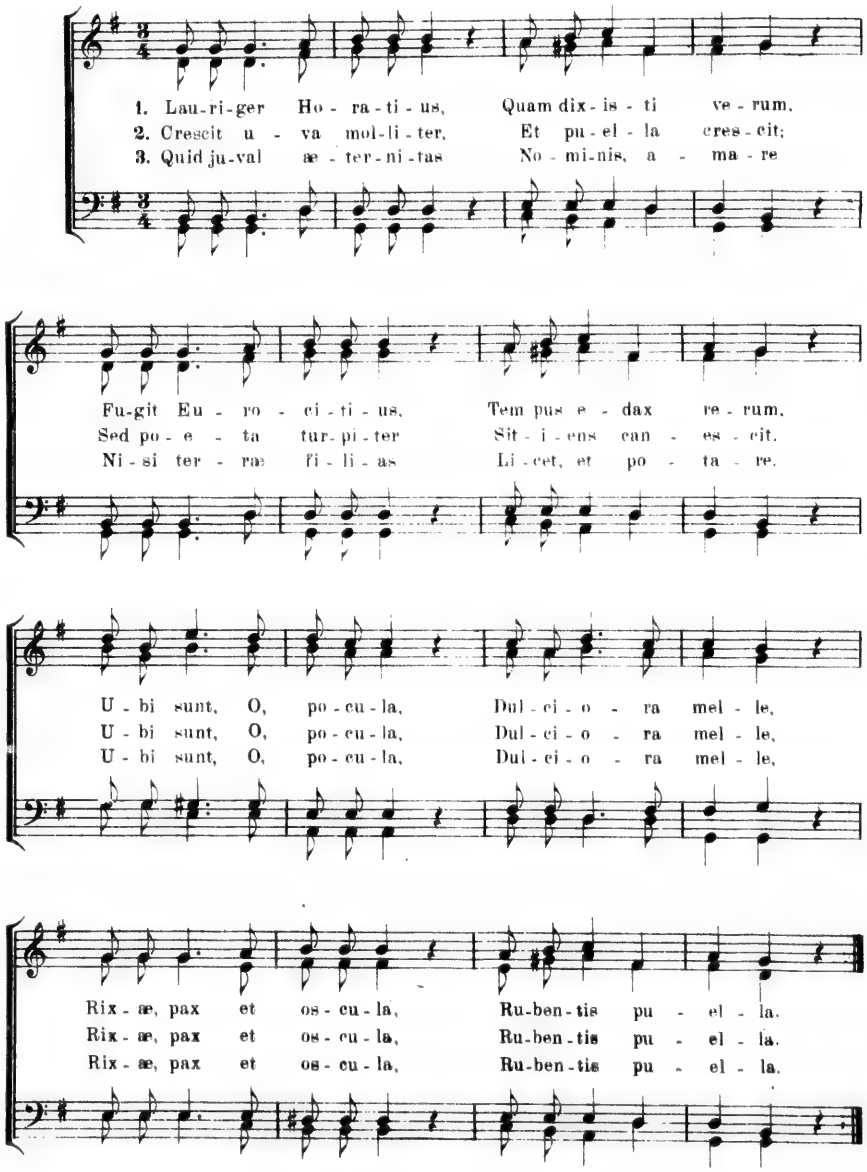
Voice.

Piano.

There's the fox and the hare, and the bad-ger and the bear, and the birds of the greenwood tree, And the pret-ty lit-tle rab-bits with their quaint en-gag-ing ha-bits; And they all have their mates but me.

D.C. ad lib.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.



WHERE WOULD I BE?

Largo. Vivace.

1. Where would I be? When the swift gal-lant ship sails the
2. Where would I be? When the trum-pet is heard, and the

o-cean o'er, As she steers her proud course by the rock-bound shore, When the
bul-lets fly, And when Free-dom's proud bird wings her course thro' the sky: When the

temp-est is fierce and the bil-lows roar, Where would I be?
slave breaks his chain, and th'op-pres-sors die, Where would I be?

Largo. Andante.

3. Where would I be? With my lov'd one re-clin-ing up-on my breast, While

on me her eyes with ten-der-ness rest, And with rap-ture her form to my

cresc.

heart is press'd, — There would I be, Yes, there would I be.

p rit. pp

DEAR LITTLE DOLLY O' DOOLEY.

Valse. *(Moderato.)*

Words and Music by W. DAUNT SCOTT.

'95

Voice.

Piano.

1. Sing-ing and swinging the sum-mer day through, Where the soft zeph-yrs blow cool - ly, Ling-ers the charmer I'm try-ing to woo,— Dear lit-tle Dol-ly O' Doo - ley, Fair-er than but-ter-cup blooming in May, Sweet-er than bird-song at dawn-ing of day, Will she be

2. I dote on Dol-ly, so sweet and so fair, With a fond woo-er's de - vo - tion. How can I whisper the love that I bear; All of my se-cret e - mo - tion? Sometimes I fan-cy that she loves me well; Still, from her manner, I nev-er can tell: On-ly the

3. When on the o-cean of life I am tossed, What-ev-er For-tune be-tide me, Some-how I know I shall nev-er be lost, With Dear lit-tle Dol-ly be-side me. All will be Sum-mer If I win her love,— Fair flow'rs be-neath us, and blue skies a - bove. Is she my

heart-less and an-swer me nay? Dear lit - tle Dol - ly "O' Doo - ley."
fu - ture my doubts will dis - pel. Dear lit - tle Dol - ly "O' Doo - ley."
duck - y, my dar - ling, my dove? Not while her name is "O' Doo - ley."

CHORUS.

1st TENOR. Dol - ly O' Doo - ley, an - swer me tru - ly; Pro - mise you'll

2nd TENOR.

1st BASS. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,

2nd BASS. Dear Dol - ly O' Doo - - ley; Pro -

give me your heart and your hand. With you, dear Dol - ly, Life will be

la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la,

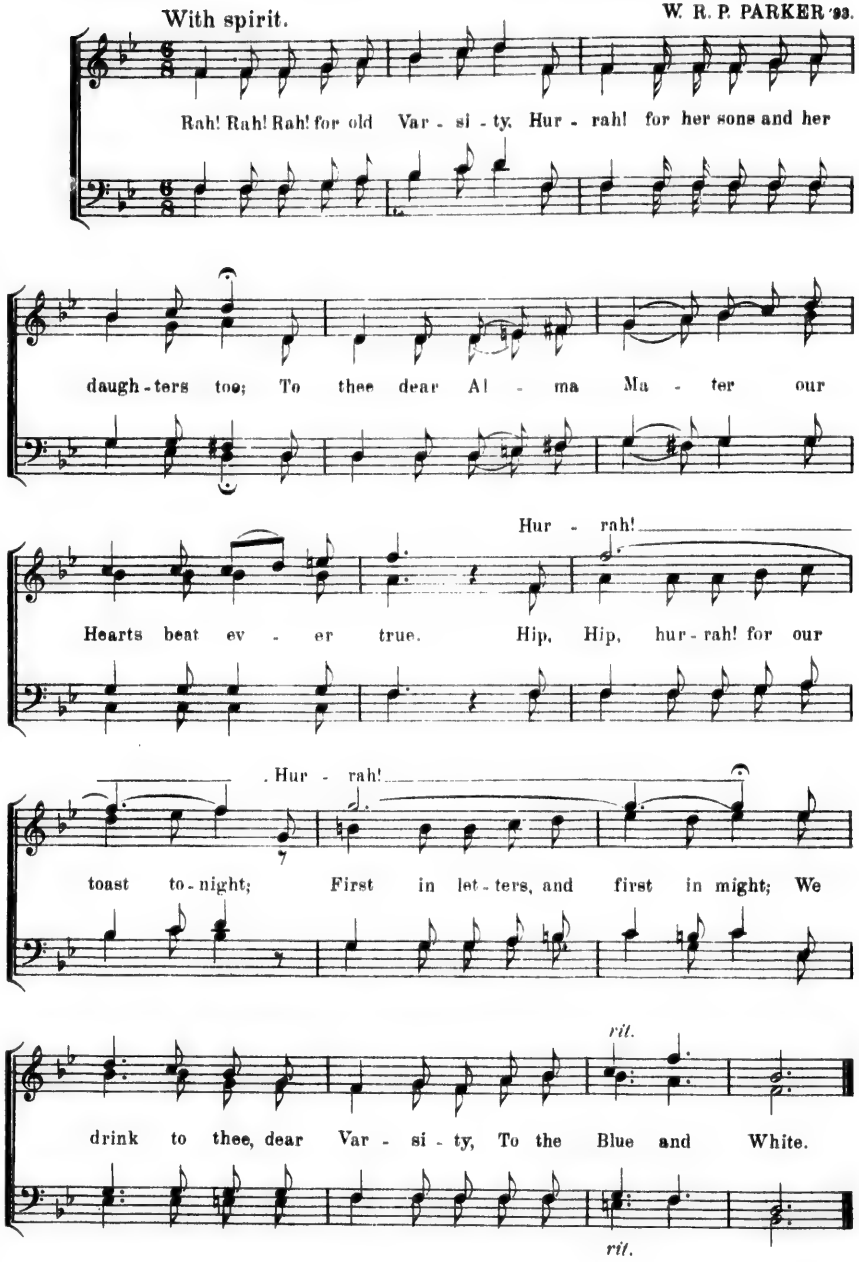
mise your hand. With dear Dol - ly, my life is

jol - ly. Dear lit - tle Dol - ly O' Doo - - ley.

la, la, La, la, la, la, loo - loo - loo - ley.

jol - ly, My Dol - - ly Doo - - ley.

A TOAST.


With spirit.
W. R. P. PARKER '93.
Rah! Rah! Rah! for old Var - si - ty. Hur - rah! for her sons and her
daugh - ters too; To thee dear Al - ma Ma - ter our
Hur - rah!
Hearts beat ev - er true. Hip, Hip, hur - rah! for our
Hur - rah!
toast to - night; First in let - ters, and first in might; We
rit.
drink to thee, dear Var - si - ty, To the Blue and White.
rit.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

Words by DYER. About A. D. 1700.

Allegro vigoroso.

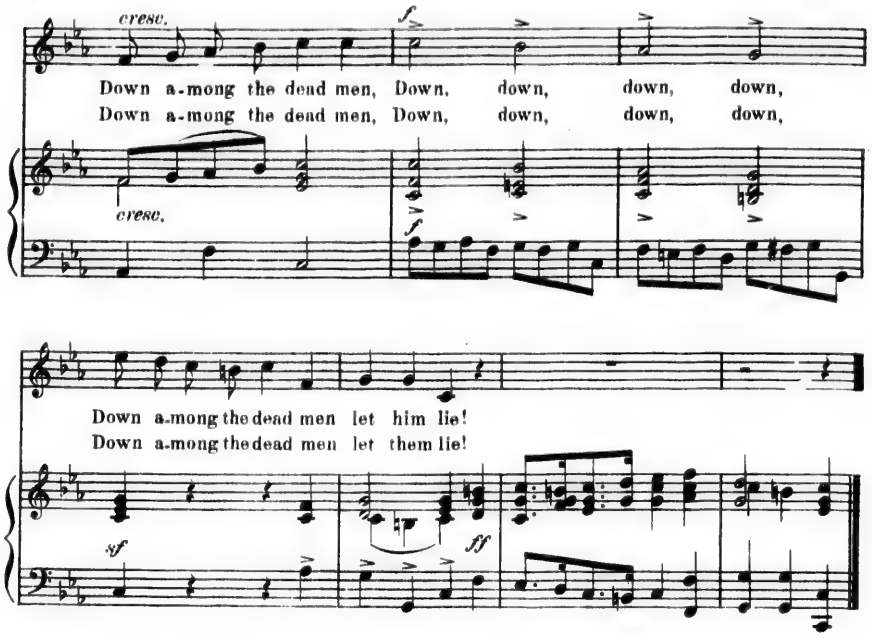
Piano.

f e marcato

1. Here's a health to the King, and a last - ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth in-crease; Come let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking af-ter death, And he that will this health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men,

2. Let charm - ing beau - ty's health go round, In whom ce-les-tial joys are found, May con - fu - sion still pur - sue The self-ish wo-man-hat-ing crew; And they that wo-men's health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men,

mf *p* *sf* *sf* *sf* *p*

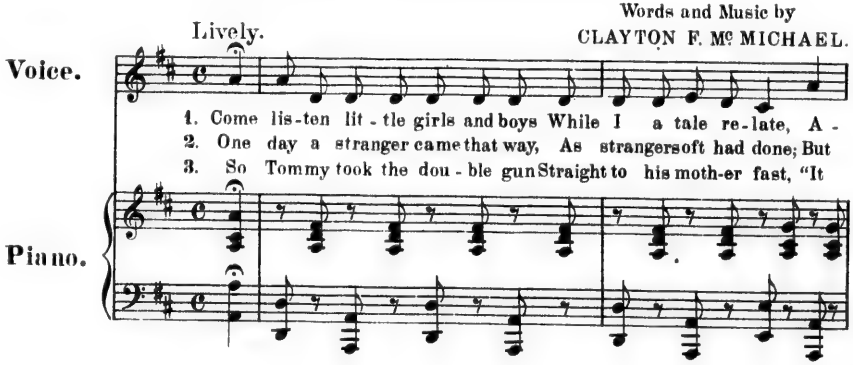


3. In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

4. May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

TOMMY AND HIS GUN.

Words and Music by
CLAYTON F. Mc MICHAEL.



bout a lit - tle boy named Tom, Whose age was al-most eight. Tom
this one left be - hind the door A dou - ble bar-rel gun. "Ha!
is - n't load - ed Ma!" he said And blew a migh-ty blast! And

3rd Verse very slow.

was a wil - ful, head-strong boy, Who thought it lots of fun To
Ha!" quoth Tom, that art - ful boy, "I nev - er saw one such. If
Tom - my, where is Tom - my now? A ha - lo round his head? Not

a tempo

scare his moth - er half to death By blow - ing in a gun.
sin - gle bar - rels make such noise, This must make twice as much!"
much, it was not load - ed, Just as lit - tle Tom - my said.

CHORUS.
Melody in 2nd Tenor.

To scare his moth - er half to death By blow-ing in a gun.
"If sin - gle bar - rels make such noise, This must make twice as much!"
Not much, it was not load - ed, Just as lit - tle Tom - my said.

MA ANGELINE.

Arr. by LEE JOHNSON.

Tempo di Schottische.

Piano.

ff

1. Way down in Al - a - ba - ma
2. I go to church on Sun - day
3. Nig's start'd fo' de cake-walk,

f

Libbs an ole wench Di - nah Wid her libbs ma ba - by An - ge - line. She's
Stay at home on Mon - day to take ma ba - by down to John - son's hall. Dere's
I got in a crap game Wid a coon, they call'd him "Big Black Hawk"; Dat

f

born in Al - a - ba-ma Like her ole aunt Di - nah, Now coons I'll tell you bo't ma
gwine to be some wing-in' Nigs an' wench-es sing - in', Down at Lu Jacksens cul - led
nig he bet a dol-lar, Ma trow made him hol - lar, When I trew leb - en at dat

(laugh)

gal. yah-yah! You aut to see her wing-in', Big buck coons a swingin',
ball. yah-yah! I'll take a-long ma ra-zor, To pro-tect ma An-ge,
coon. yah-yah! Dat nig-ger draw'd his ra-zor, Ma gal it did daze her,

ff *ff* *p* *pp* *mf*

She's de belle ob eb'-ry cul-led ball. She am no nig-ger sin-ner
Spect's de coons am gwine to hab a fight. Fo' slew foot Joh-ny Fra-zer
Squal-lin' like a great, big black ba-boon. I grabb'd ma ba-by An-ge,

f

(shout)

She's ma Crap-town win-ner Now coons all sing and shout fo' An-ge-line. Now!
Hot stuff wid his ra-zor Dat coon will try to win ma An-ge-line. Now!
Sweet thing she's ma dan-dy, From dem black mokes I took ma An-ge-line. Now!

8 *ff* *rit.*

CHORUS.

Coons hab you eb-ber eb-ber seen ma An-ge-line

1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff* *f*

She am de sweet-est, sweet-est gal ube eb - ber seen,

ff

Spoken ad lib.

I'se gwine to make ma An - ge ma own queen {Look heah smoks what you gwine do wid dat gal. Yah--Yah--Yah-} on

ff

next sunday morn I'se gwine to mar-ry ma An - ge - line. "now" line.

1. (*shout*) 2.

ff *D. C.*

4.

Razzers got a flyin',
Nig's an' wenches cryin',
Guns an' buns an' coons flew in de air.
De wenches in de corner,
Buttin' Auntie Horner,
She puff'd up like a big ballon, yah-yah!
De niggers dey wer' slashin',
Steel's dey wer' a flashin',
Coons wer' scrapin' all aroun' de floor.
De deacons dey wer' moanin',
Nigs dey wer' a groanin',
When I waz prancin' home wid Angeline.
—*Shout:* "Now"!
Chorus:— Coons hab you ebber seen.

5.

Dere's gwine to be a spreadin',
An' a Darktown weddin',
To-night I'll marry ma baby Angeline.
De hoe-cake an' de possum,
Served by ole Hank Blossom.
Ange will pass de weddin' cake, yah-yah!
Now children heah Aunt Dinah,
Sing her song in minor,
Tryin' to win de prize (de big sponge cake,
De banjo's am a ringin',
Clammy Green am wingin',
Down at de weddin' ob ma Angeline.
—*Shout:* "Now"!
Chorus:— Coons hab you ebber seen.

"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

Arranged by ARTHUR BLAKELEY.

Vivace. *Marchtime.*

1. Oh Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh

Char-lie is my dar-ling the young Che-va-lier. 'Twas on a Mon-day

morn-ing Right ear-ly in the year When Charlie came to our town The

young Che-va-lier. Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my

marcato

dar-ling, Oh Char-lie is my dar-ling the young Che-va-lier.

2. As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

3. Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

4. They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

espr. 5. Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up,
For the young Chevalier.
f Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

SHOOL.

Voice.

Piano.

1. I wish I was in Dawson ci - ty, Where all the girls they are so pretty, if I did-n't have a 'ime 'twould be a pi - ty, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
2. I'd like to go to Var-si - tee— Where life is gay and fun flows free, And it's all a lit - 'ra - ry spree, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.
3. And now I'd like to gradu - ate; Cur - ri-cu - la I've come to hate, For it's Sups. and fiz - zles up to date, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.

CHORUS.

AIR.

Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a - rack, shool-a - barb-a - cool, The

SECOND.

Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a - rack, shool-a - barb-a - cool, The

BASS.

first time I saw psil-ly bal - ly eel, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.

first time I saw psil-ly bal - ly eel, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.

4. My sheepskin now is ten years old,
But I have no jobs and I'm going mould,
So I'll be a Prof. for I must have gold,
Dis cum bibble, *etc.* — *Chorus.*

5. I wish I was a married man,
And had a wife whose name was Fan;
I'd sing her a song on this same plan,
Dis cum bibble, *etc.* — *Chorus.*

TWO LITTLE FLIES.

W. B. OLDS.

Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies,

Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies,

Two lit-tle flies, mo - las-ses cup

There were two lit-tle flies in a molasses cup, a molasses cup,

mo - las-ses cup There were

They were so stuck up.

rit.

in a molasses cup, But they could not speak, they were so stuck up.

two lit-tle flies,

TOBACK.

Translated from the German by JOHN D. SPENCE '89.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Ho! jol - ly com - rades, crowd a - round; With laught - er let the walls re - sound; The night we'll pass With jo - vial glass And pipes of good To - back!

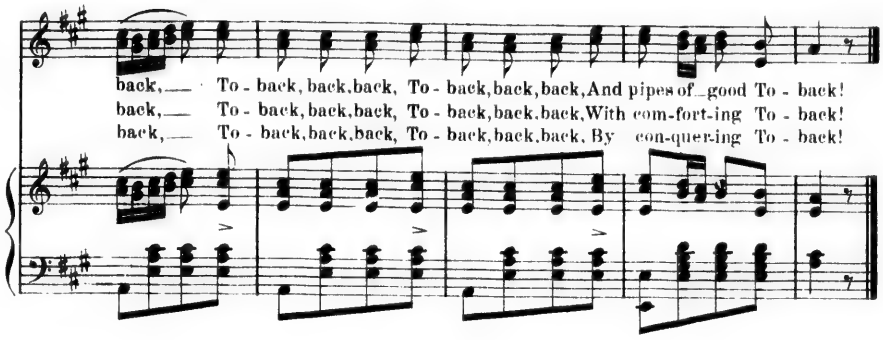
2. To - bac - co's so - lace nev - er fails: The beg - gar or the Prince of Wales A - like be - guiles His mood to smiles With com - fort - ing To - back!

3. "A fig for La - tin! Bet - ter far" The stu - dent cries, "a good ci - gar." Can - non and ball Are van - quished all By con quer - ing To - back!

CHORUS.

To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To -

By permission of Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic.



4. The youngster, for the weed unripe,
Steals on the sly his father's pipe:
Behind the shed
In fear and dread
He tries to like Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

5. The gaffer, toothless, grim and old,
Whose gums refuse the pipe to hold,
The stem will wind
With yarn and bind
It fast, and smoke Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

6. The copper on his lonely beat
Smokes as he tramps the midnight Street
His short pipe glows
Beneath his nose,
And warms it with Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

7. The cripple with a wooden leg
The weed will borrow, buy or beg;
The pipe he grips
Between his lips
And smokes and smokes Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

8. The noble red man, out for hair,
Will everlasting friendship swear
In pipes of peace,
His wranglings cease,
And so he smokes Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

9. The western man, that worn and grim,
Thinks life has little charm for him,
Forgets his ills
Whene'er he fills
His corn-cob with Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

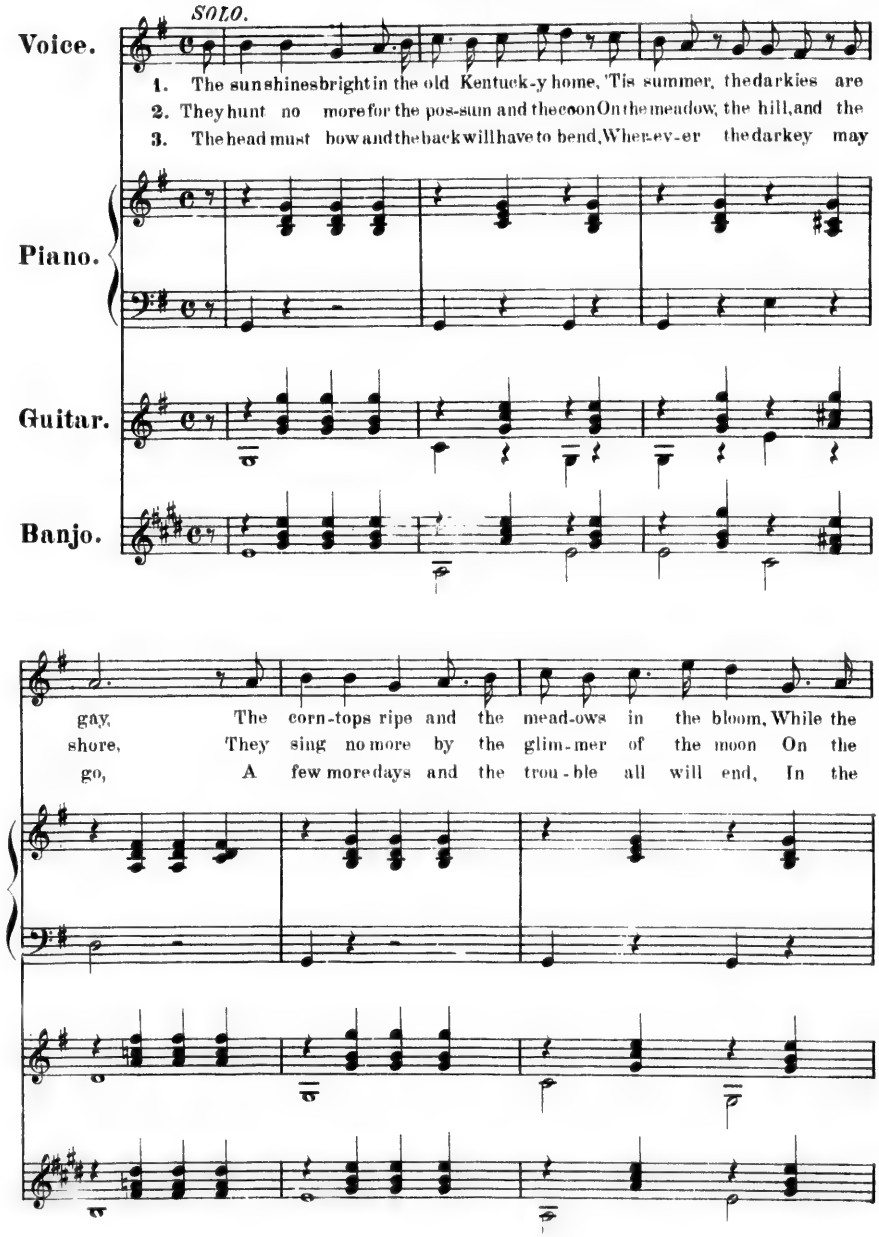
10. The polished Frenchman, fashion's pet,
Will only risk a cigarette;
He knows it is
A serious biz
For him to smoke Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

11. The labouring son of Erin's Isle
Looks from his drain with broadening smile;
The brief dhudeen
His lips between,
Is filled with rank Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

12. So comrades, all the world around
The good old weed is ever found;
So let us pass
The jovial glass,
And burn our good Toback!
Chorus:— Toback, back, back, etc.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a
fields where the su - gar-canes grow; A few more days for to

lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-
shadow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light, The
tote the heav - y load. No mat - ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day, We will

GUITAR.

BANJO.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a - way.

Obligato for last Verse.

pp

Oh! weep n more to - day, We will

CHORUS. (*Voices & Piano.*)
With expression.

pp

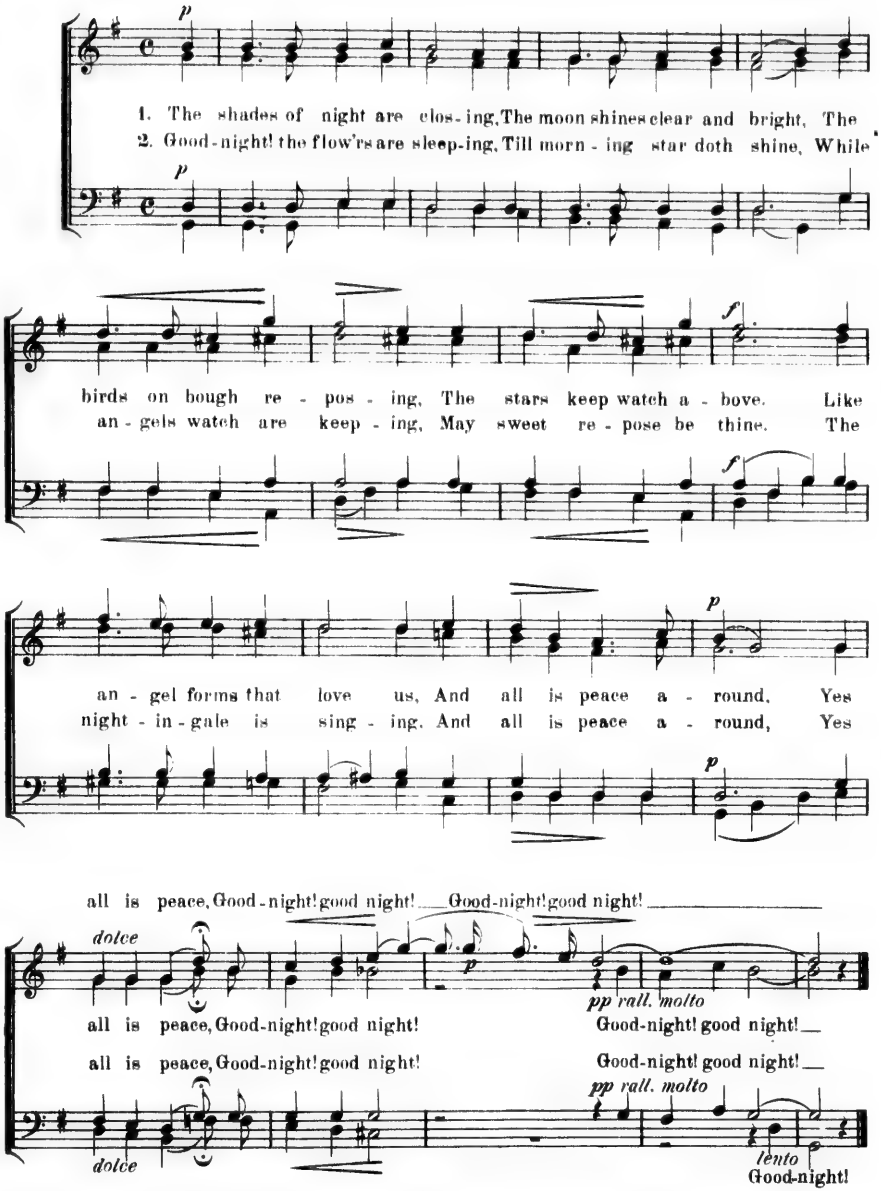
Weep no more my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day, We will

pp

sing one song For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a - way.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.



THE TROOPER.

By permission of Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic.

Translated from the German by JOHN D. SPENCE '89.

W. LYRA.

Impassionate.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Through gloom and night by vale and hill, We ride so stern, we ride so still! To death, to death we're fly - ing! The morn - ing winds, how sharp they feel! Hos - tess, a glass our hearts to steel For dy - ing, for dy - ing!

2. Soon shall the tend - er grass we tread Flush like the rose to flam - ing red, My blood the greensward dye - ing. One cup I drain with sword in hand: One draught to dear old Fa - ther-land Ere dy - ing, ere dy - ing!

3. A second --- quick! To Freedom now
My love, my life, my sword I vow,
On this strong arm relying.
What claims the rest? The dregs to thee
I drain, O Empire, grand and free,
Ere dying, ere dying!

4. My sweetheart! --- but the glass is dry ---
The swords are out --- the bullets fly!
No time for love or sighing.
Up! Like a whirlwind on the foe!
Oh, soldier joy! at dawn to go
To dying, to dying!

"ZWEI BEER."

N. B. SPRAGUE.

TENOR I & II.

pp

It was in Berlin I met her, She was charming, blonde and

BASS I. (Baritone Solo.)

f

It was in Ber - lin I met her, She was charm - - ing, blonde and

BASS II.

pp

It was in Berlin I met her, She was charming, blonde and

neat, We were seated in a garden On a rustic Ger-man

neat, We were seat - ed in a garden On a rus - tic Ger-man

neat, We were seated in a garden On a rustic Ger-man

seat.

Slowly.

f

seat. She was look - ing sad - ly pensive, And I said, "What is it, dear?" With a

f

seat.

ppp

With a tender look she answered, In a whisper low—"Zwei Beer."

molto ritard. *ppp*

ten - der look she answered, In a whis - per low—"Zwei Beer."

ppp

With a tender look she answered, In a whisper low—"Zwei Beer."

BARBARA ALLEN.

Andante.

Piano.

1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made ev - 'ry youth cry "well - a - way," Her name was Bar-b'ra Al - len. All in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds then were
2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal-in', Then haste a - way to com-fort him, O love - ly Bar-b'ra Al - len. So slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And slow - ly she came
3. When he was dead and laid in grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row, O moth - er, moth - er make my bed, For I shall die to - morrow. Fare-well she said, ye v'r - gins all, And shun the fault I

swel-lin', Young Jem-my Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar-b'ra
nigh him; And all she said, when there she came, "Young man, I think you're
fell in; Hence-forth take warn-ing by the fall Of cru-el Bar-b'ra

p *ten.* *p*

Al-len.
dy-ing."
Al-len.

dim. *pp*

UNION AND LOVE.

Moderato. Arr. by HANS GEORG NÄGELI.

1. Union and lov-ing Give us the might, Safe-ty to gath-er From dark-est night.
2. Union and lov-ing Give us the skill, Though all op-pose us, Firm to be still.
3. Union and lov-ing Aye be our word, When gainst us surg-es Each an-gry horde.
4. Union and lov-ing Make we our shield, When it for home and Free-dom we wield.

A BOAT! A BOAT!

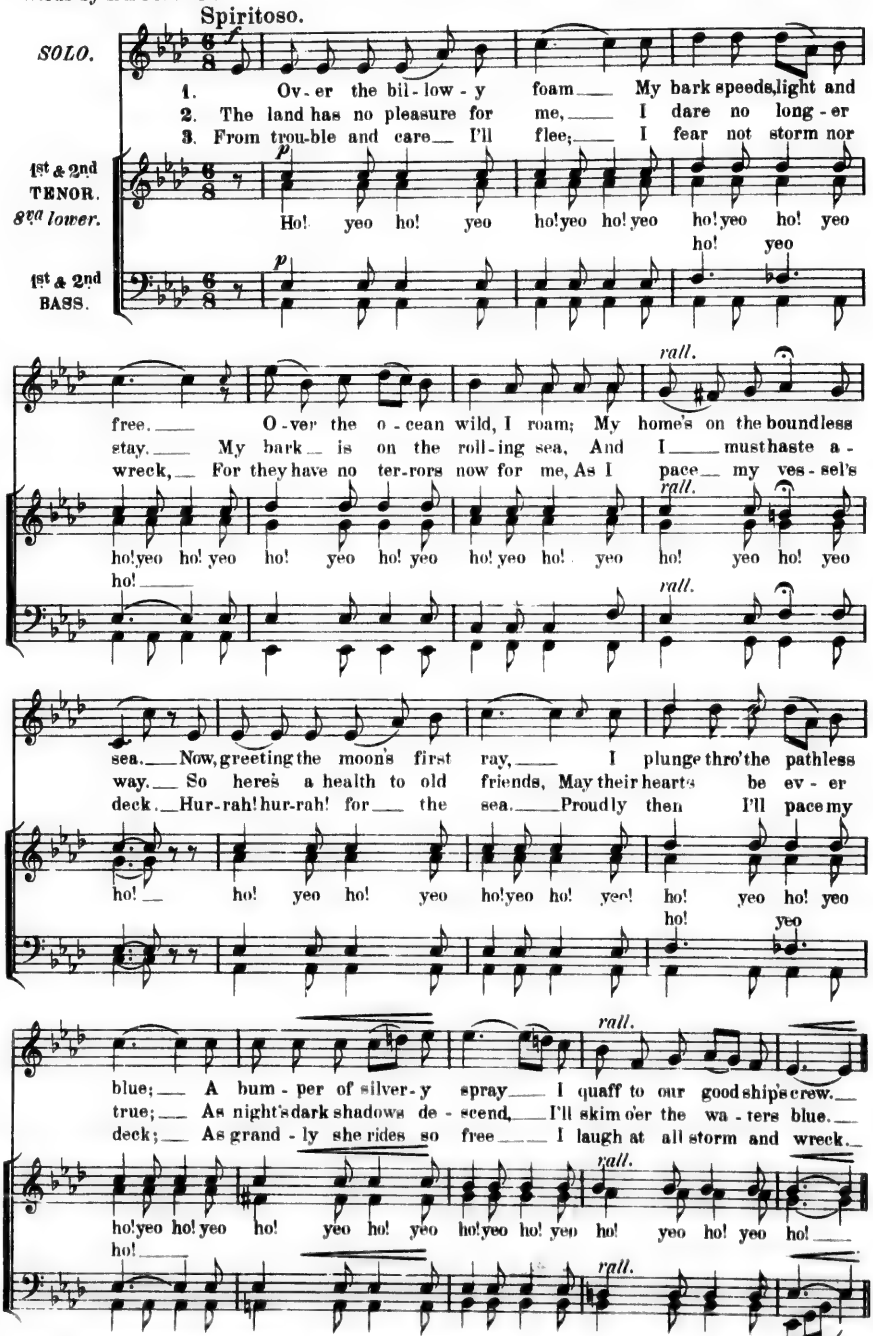
Round.

JOHN JENKINS.

1 A boat! a boat! haste to the fer-ry, 2
2 And we'll go ov-er to be mer-ry; 3
3 To laugh and quaff, and drink old sher-ry. 1

MY HOME'S ON THE BOUNDLESS SEA.

Words by KEYNTON. Arr. by THEO. MARTENS.



Note. — The accompaniment to be sung lightly and softly throughout.

CHORUS.

1st TENOR. *a tempo*

Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sai - lor's life for me! Yeo

2nd TENOR. *a tempo*

Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sai - lor's life for me! Yeo

1st BASS.

2nd BASS. *a tempo*

Yeo

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! Bounding ov - er the sea!

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! Bound - ing ov - er the sea!

ho! yeo ho!

Mer - ri - ly sing yeo ho! As bound - ing o'er the sea. And

Divide.

Mer - ri - ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! As bound - ing o'er the sea, yeo ho! And

rall.

mer - ri - ly sing yeo ho! A sail - or's life for me!

rall.

mer - ri - ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

By permission of The Oliver Ditson Company.

Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Bring the bowl which you boast, Fill it up to the brim: Here's to him we love most, And to all who love him! Brave gal-lants stand up, And a-vaunt, ye base carles! Were there death in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles.

2. Though he wan-ders 'mong dangers, Neg-lect-ed, a-lone, Un-aid-ed, 'mid strangers, Es-tranged from his own; Tho' 'tis un-der our breath, A-mid for-feits and perils, Yet loy-al to death, Yet loy-al to death, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles.

3. Let the hom-age a-bound, Which the times can af-ford; The knee on the ground, And the hand on the sword. But the time shall come round, When 'mid lords, dukes and earls, The loud trumpet shall sound, The loud trumpet shall sound, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles.

cresc.

CHORUS.
Melody in 2nd Tenor.

Brave gallants stand up, And a-vaunt, ye base carles! Were there death in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Words by Baroness NAIRNE. Arr. by ARTHUR BLAKELEY.

p

1. I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The

2. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And O! we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal. But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean, And joy's a - com - in' fast, Jean, The

p

p

p

day is aye fair, I' the land o' the leal.
joy that's aye to last, I' the land o' the leal.

p

3. Oh haud ye leal and true, Jean, Your day it's wear - in'

Melody.

p

thro', Jean, And I'll wel - come you To the land o' the

Melody.

p

leal. Now fare - ye-weel, my ain Jean, This warld's cares are

p

vain, Jean, We'll meet, and we'll be fain I' the land o' the leal.

Melody.

SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN.

Con espressione. Arr. by GEO. F. SMEDLEY.

VOICE.

BANJO.

1. Some day I'll wander back a - gain, To where the old home stands, Be-
2. Some day I'll wander back a - gain, To scenes so dear to me, Where
3. Some day I'll wander back a - gain, To hearts so kind and true, Whose

neath the old tree down the lane, A - far in oth - er lands, Its
lifes sweet in-fan-cies' re - frain, Be - side a moth-er's knee, To
gen - tle fac-es still re - main, In mem'-ries' cherished view, No

hum - ble cot will shelt-er me From ev' - ry care and pain And
live once more the gold-en hour Of joy - ous mer - ry play No
more my wayward feet shall roam, Life's trou - bled path - way o'er But

life be sweet as sweet can be, When I am home a - gain.
thorns but on - ly sweet-est flowers, There in life's mer - ry way.
in the life and love of home, I'll rest me ev - er more.

CHORUS.

I'll wan - der back, yes, back a gain, Where child-hood's home may be, For

mem - o - ry in sweet re - frain Still sings its praise to me.

HURRAH! FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE.

Words by G.W. ROSS.'99 — Music by ELMER H. SMITH. '99

Con Spirito.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The best of men you'll find at U. of T; And it is there we're glad to say that we be - long; For we are proud of our old Un - i - ver - si - ty, And now will tell her prais - es in a song. For Can - a - da we've fought in times long

2. In Col - lege sports we're famed from sea to sea; And known as men who al - ways make a man-ly fight, To lead their hon - ored col-ors on to vic - to - ry, And gain their end by fair - est means and right. No mat - ter what the game or sport may we oft-en see them called to fame. The sons of Can - a - da and "Var - si - ty." At U. of T. you'll find the best of

3. In learn-ing too our men up-hold the name Of Fa-ther-land, and of their Un - i - ver si - ty. In ma - ny lands

mf

past, And shared with her her glo - ry and her grief; And
be,— Foot - ball, lac - rosse, base - ball or at the oar. You
men; And there we all are glad that we be - long. We

still we all are rea - dy till the last, To guard with "Blue and
al - ways may be sure that you will see The "Roy - al Blue and
hail thee, Al - ma Ma - ter! once a - gain, And pray for thee a

CHORUS.

ff

White" the "Ma - ple Leaf."
White" close to the foe. 1—3. Then cheer boys, cheer! then
glo - rious life and long.

ff

cheer with all your might, In love let all for U. of T. un -

ite. Shout once a - gain for the "Roy - al Blue and White?

Hip, Hip, Hur - rah! for our U - ni-ver - si - ty. Then -ty.

Alternative Chorus for male voices.

Then cheer boys, cheer! then cheer with all your might, In love let

AIR.

all for U. of T. un - ite. Shout once, Shout once a - gain for the

"Roy - al Blue and White? Hip, Hip, Hur - rah! for our U - ni-ver - si - ty.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Andante. THOS. MOORE.

p

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed,
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells:

Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled;
The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells:

So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
Thus free - dom, now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives

And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

"TOM BOWLING."

Andante con espressione. DIBDIN.

Piano.

p

1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew; No
2. Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His vir-tues were so rare; His
3. Yet shall poor Tom find plea-sant weath-er, And He who all com - mands

pp

more he'll hear the temp - est how - ling, For death has broach'd him to. His
friends were ma - ny and true heart - ed His Poll was kind and fair. And
Shall give to call life's crew; The word to pipe all hands. Thus

sempre pp

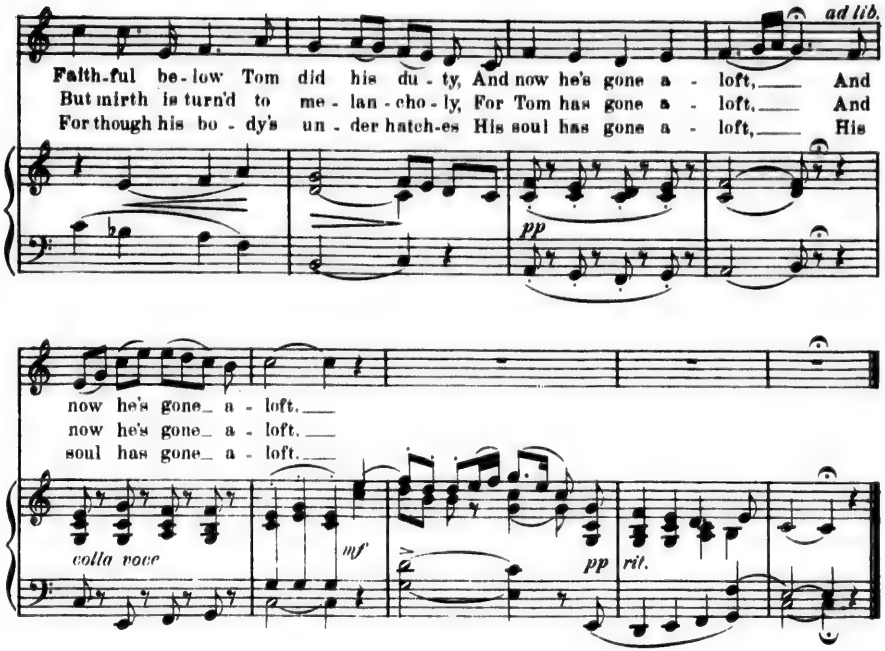
mf

form was of the man - liest beau ty, His heart was kind and soft;
then he'd seem so blythe and jol - ly, Ah, many's the time and oft.
death who Kings and Tars des-patch-es, In vain Tom's life hath fodd'd.

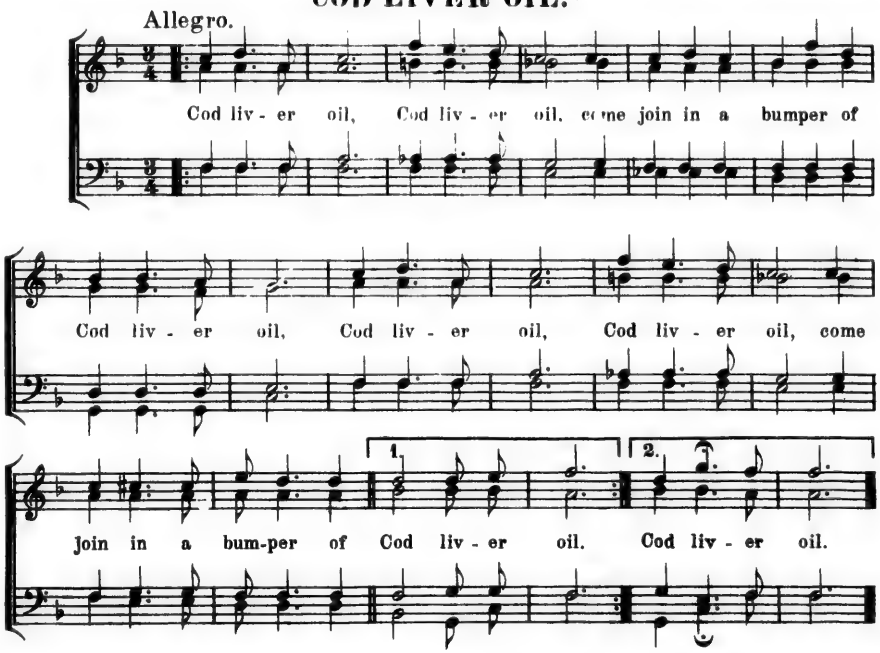
cresc.

sf

p



COD LIVER OIL.*)



*) The Author will not be offended if other well known Mixtures or Patent Medicines are substituted or added.

LOVELY NIGHT.

Andantino. F. H. CHWATAL.

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spreading o - ver hill and mead - ow, Soft and slow thy haz - y shadow: Soon our wearied eye - lids close, And slumber in thy blest re - pose, Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, And slumber in thy blest re - pose.

2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be - fore us, Hap - pi - ness thou shed - dest o'er us: Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn, Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

DREAMLAND.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. Dream-land so beauti-ful, Why dost thou flee? Visions of loveliness, Tar - ry with me!

2. Earth seems a wilderness, Lone - ly and drear: Ope to me para-dise, Bring heaven near.

"WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?"

Melody in 2nd Tenor. +) *SOLO.* Arr. by ARTHUR BLAKELEY.

1. Who killed Cock-Robin? I, said the Sparrow, With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock-Robin.

All the birds of the air fell a-sigh-ing and a sob-bing, When they

Lento.

heard of the death of poor Cock-Robin, When they heard of the death of poor Cock-Robin.

+) This note in any octave ad lib.: change Soloist for each verse.

2. Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

3. Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

4. Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave.

5. Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Adagio con espr.

Me-ow, Me-ow, Me-ow.

tremolo

Me-ow, Me-ow, Meow, Me-ow, Me-ow.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Piano.

mf *p*

p

1. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter. When the sweet Spring-time did
2. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When brown Au - tumn spreads its
3. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the win - ter snow fell

p

fall, Was the mil - ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them
store, There I saw the mil-ler's daugh-ter, But she smiled no
fast Still was seen the mil-ler's daugh-ter, Chil-ly blew the

all. For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a
more; For the sum - mer grief had brought her, And the
blast. But the mil - - ler's daugh - ter, Both from

mf

ad lib. *f*

win - ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,
sol - dier false was he. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,
cold and care was free. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,

colla voce *f*

None so gay as she.
None so sad as she.
There a corpse lay she.

sf *sf* *sf* *dim. e rall. al fine*

SLUMBER SONG.

Slowly, with expression. C. E. LESLIE.

p *cresc.* *p*

1. Sleep, O sleep, while breezes so soft-ly are blow-ing; Sleep, O sleep,
2. Sleep, O sleep, while birds in the for-est are sing-ing; Sleep, O sleep,
3. Sleep, O sleep, while an-gels are watching be-side thee; Sleep, O sleep,

p *cresc.* *p*

rit. e dim. *pp*

While streamlets so gent-ly are flow-ing, Sleep, O sleep, sleep, O sleep.
While ech-oes with mu-sic are ring-ing, Sleep, O sleep, sleep, O sleep.
May bless-ings for-ev-er be-tide thee, Sleep, O sleep, sleep, O sleep.

rit. e dim. *pp*

SERENADE.

Moderato.

FR. SCHUBERT.

1st TEN.

1. Through the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur-mur low and sweet;
2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus-tling low;

1st & 2nd BASS.

To thy cham-ber win-dow rov-ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark-ling streams are creep-ing, Dear-est, let us go.

Si-lent prayers of bliss-ful feel-ing Link us, though a-part,
All the stars keep watch in heav-en, While I sing to thee,

Link us, though a-part, On the breath of mu-sic steal-ing,
While I sing to thee. And the night for love was giv-en;

To thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
Dear-est, come to me! Dear-est, come to me!

Agitato.

3. Sad-ly in the for-est mourning, Wails the whip-poor-will; And for thee the heart is yearning, And for thee the heart is yearning, Bid it, love, be still! Bid it, love, be still! Bid it, love, be still!

p *dim. e rit.* *pp*

WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Who's the best man in this town? Pres'dent Loudon, Pres'dent Loudon.

Who's the best man in this town? Pres'dent Lou-don, Pres'dent Lou-don.

We're some pumpkins, boys, our-selves; We're some pumpkins, We're some pumpkins,

But the best man in this town is Pres'dent Lou-don, Pres'dent Lou-don.

'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

Melody in 2nd Tenor. Arr. by ARTHUR BLAKELEY.

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the
2. 'Tis waist, 'tis waist, 'tis waist that makes the
3. 'Tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May that makes you

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love,
2. 'Tis waist, 'tis waist,
3. 'Tis May, 'tis May,

world go round, tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the
arm go round, tis waist, 'tis waist, 'tis waist that makes the
feel so gay, tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May that makes you

1. 'tis love, 'tis love,
2. 'tis waist, 'tis waist,
3. 'tis May, 'tis May,

world go round, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the
arm go round, 'tis waist, 'tis waist, 'tis waist that makes the
feel so gay. 'tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May that makes you

1. 'tis love, 'tis love,
2. 'tis waist, 'tis waist,
3. 'tis May, 'tis May,

world go round, 'tis love that makes the world go round.
arm go round, 'tis waist that makes the arm go round.
feel so gay, 'tis May that makes you feel so gay.

CHORUS.

(Spoken.) *(Spoken.)*

Rock-ing on the bil - lows, rock-ing, rock-ing on the bil - lows, rocking,

rock-ing on the bil - lows of the deep blue sea. deep blue sea.

DESE BONES SHALL RISE AGAIN.

By permission of The Oliver Ditson Company.

Mixed voices.

1. Met 'Fes-sor 'Ras - tus a-walk-in' down de street, Dese bones shall rise again!
2. De Lawd made a niggah and he made 'im in de night, Dese bones shall rise again! He

Bofe his shoes were full ob feet, Dese bones shall rise a - gain!
made 'im in a hurry and forgot to make 'im white, Dese bones shall rise a - gain!

CHORUS.

I know,— deed I do know, chillen, I know,— dese bones shall rise again!

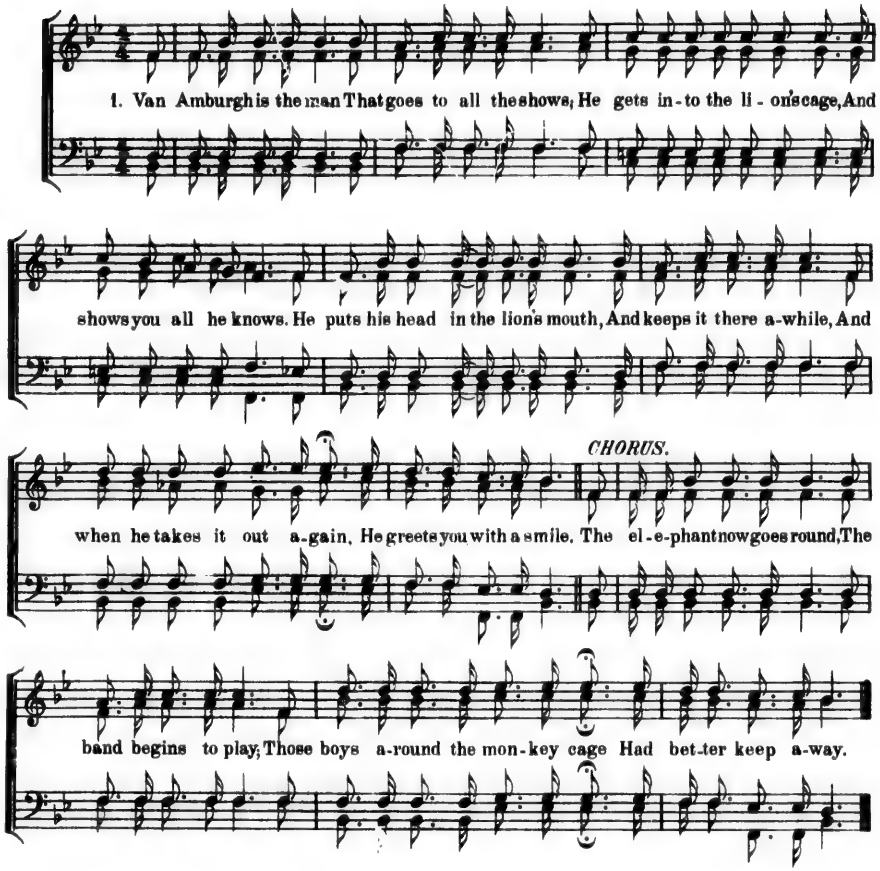
3. Lef mah jaw bone a hangin' on de fence,
Dese bones shall rise again!
Aint seen nuffin ob a jaw bone sence,
Dese bones shall rise again!— *Chorus.*

4. Once Mary Watkins had a little lam',
Dese bones shall rise again!
Now its gone to de happy lan',
Dese bones shall rise again!— *Chorus.*

5. De Lawd made de debble and de debble made sin,
Dese bones shall rise again!
De Lawd made a hot place to put de debble in,
Dese bones shall rise again!— *Chorus.*

6. What am de purtiest gal in town?
Dese bones shall rise again!
My gal's de dinkiest fur miles aroun',
Dese bones shall rise again!— *Chorus.*

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE.



2. First comes the great African Polar bear,
Oft called the iceberg's daughter,
He eats three tubs of ice per day,
And calls for soda water;
He stands in water up to his knees,
Not fearing any harm,
You may growl and grumble all you please,
And he don't care a darn. — *Chorus.*

3. Next comes the Boa-Constrictor,
Called Anaconda for brevity, [a toad,
Who can swallow an elephant as easily as
And is noted for his great longevity.
He can swallow himself, go thro' himself,
Comes out with great facility, [tail,
Twist himself into a double bow-knot, snap his
And wink with great agility. — *Chorus.*

4. That Hyena there in the next cage,
Most wonderful to relate,
The other day, in a fit of rage,
Ate up his female mate.
So don't go near his cage,
He'll bite you, little boys,
And when he's mad he often growls,
And makes this horrid noise:
(Ow! *and chorus together.*)

5. Next comes the Vulture, awful bird,
From highest mountain tops,
Who has been known to eat up little boys,
And then to lick his chops.
The performance can't go on,
There's too much noise and confusion,
O ladies, don't give those monkeys cakes
You'll ruin their constitution. — *Chorus.*

PREDICAMENTS.

Words by ALBERT LEE. Music by H. H. TWEEDY.

SOLO.

1. I once proposed un-

CHORUS.

R... Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra la la la la

ff

to a love-ly maid, And this was all the an-swer that she

la la la là Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra la la la la la la la la

made, I've been en-gaged a year or more, I'm sor-ry, my dear

Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra la la la la la la la la la la la la

mis-ter, But though I can-not be your wife, I'll be to you a sis-ter.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la Rum ta-ra-ra

And now I'm look-ing for a place, In

Rum ta - ra, And that was the an-swer she made, la la la la la la la

which to go— and hide my face; Oh, what would you do— in such a case, In

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

such a re-gret-a-ble case? And now I'm look-ing for a place, In

And now

la la la la Ver-y re-gret-a-ble case, He's look-ing for a place, In

(la) And now

which to go— and hide my face; Oh, what would you do— in such a case, in

which to go and hide his face; Oh, what would you do in such a case, in

such a ver-y re-gret-a-ble case?

such a ver-y re-gret-a-ble case?

Rum ta-ra-ra Rum ta-ra-ra

2. Last evening I went out to make a call,
I heard her lovely footsteps in the hall,
I hid behind a curtain and
When she came in I kissed her.
A word will make you understand,
It was her married sister.
Chorus.— He never will call there again,
And now I'm looking, etc.

3. Last night as I was walking down the street,
A great big Irishman I chanced to meet;
He rudely brushed against my sleeve,
An act which I resented,
And as you well may understand
I speedily repented.
Chorus.— He used me to wipe up the street,
And now I'm looking, etc.

TRUE SWORD, THY DARK BLADE GLEAMING.

Words from the German. WEBER

Con Spirito. *f* *p*

1. True sword! thy dark blade gleam-ing, And
2. The arm of right shall wield thee, To
3. True sword! to slaves a stran-ger, Of
4. Shine thus, dark blue for ev-er, Sub-

f *p*

bright as sun-beam seem-ing: Sword of the brave and free,
des-pot nev-er yield thee, Thou our de-fence shall be,
wrong the stern a-ven-ger; Thus shalt thou ev-er be,
dued thou canst be nev-er, Thou shalt our war cry be,

f

1–4. Bright sword of lib-er-ty, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

ff *ff*

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Con spirito.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Come, if you dare! to the Northman's lair, The tramp of your armies shall not shake us; Shout if ye will we are free-men still, Words can-not break us; For we have the brain and the brawn and the blood Of the
2. We are the Men of the fair far North; The land of the ma-ple spreads a-round us. Here shall we live not an inch we give; None shall con-found us! For we have the land and the grain and the gold. And should
3. Men of the North, if to war we go forth, Let our trust nev-er lie in mar-tial num-bers, But in that spark blest, in each man's breast, The fire that nev-er slum-bers; That ha-tred of wrong and that pride in the right, And the

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cresc. *cresc.*

Sax-on and the Celt and the Gaul; And we fear not an-y man but we'll
foes for these e'er wish to try a fall, Why they'll find that we can fight when we
freedom that our fore-fa-thers won; No, we'll nev-er yield a jot! but just

cresc.

do the best we can When we march at our coun-try's call.
know we're in the right And we march at our coun-try's call.
keep what we have got, If we fight till the day is done.

7

CHORUS. ***(Mixed voices.)***

+) *f* *With dignity.*

Can-a-da, dear Can-a-da! Men of the North are we;— For thee we live and for

f

f

+) When sung as a Solo sing upper notes.

sempre f

thee we'll die, But aye thou shalt be free. Can - a - da, dear Can - a - da!

sempre f

Men of the North are we; For thee we live and for thee we'll die, But

ff

ff *pesante*

ev - er-more thou shalt be free.

ff

ff *pesante*

mf

PEANUT SONG.

With energy. ad. lib.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *ad lib.*

1. Oh! all you fel-lows that have peanuts, And give your neighbour none; You shan't have an - y of my pea - nuts When your pea - nuts are gone, — When your pea - nuts are gone, ——— When your pea-nuts are gone, — You shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone. —

2. The man who has plenty of good, soft soda biscuits and giveth his neighbour none, etc.
3. The man who has plenty of T. & B., fine, fresh-cut, unadulterated chewing tobacco, etc.
4. The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, un-constitutional, saponaceous silver money, etc.
5. The man who has plenty of Derby Straight Cut Cigarettes of delicate flavor and highest cost tobacco and etc.
6. The man who has plenty of good, sound, original and brilliant ideas, etc.

Spoken. — Not if I knows myself.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Of
2. Of
3. My

p *ten.* *dim.* *p*

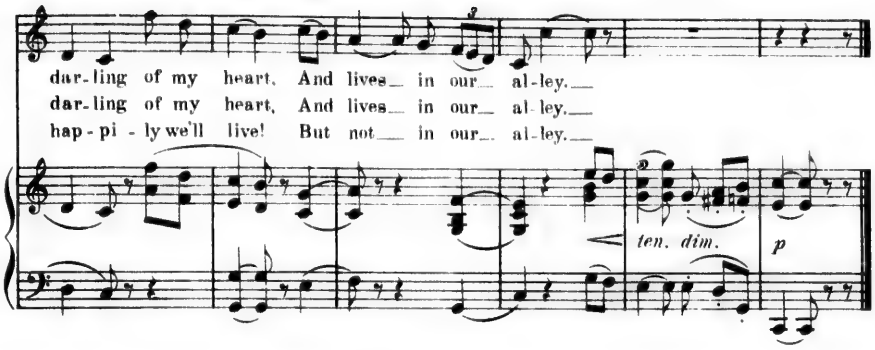
all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly; She
all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but one day; And
mas - ter, and the neighbours all,— Make game of me— and Sal - ly; And

pp

is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our— al - ley: There
that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and Mon-day. Oh
but for her I'd— rath - er be— A slave, and row a gal - ley. But

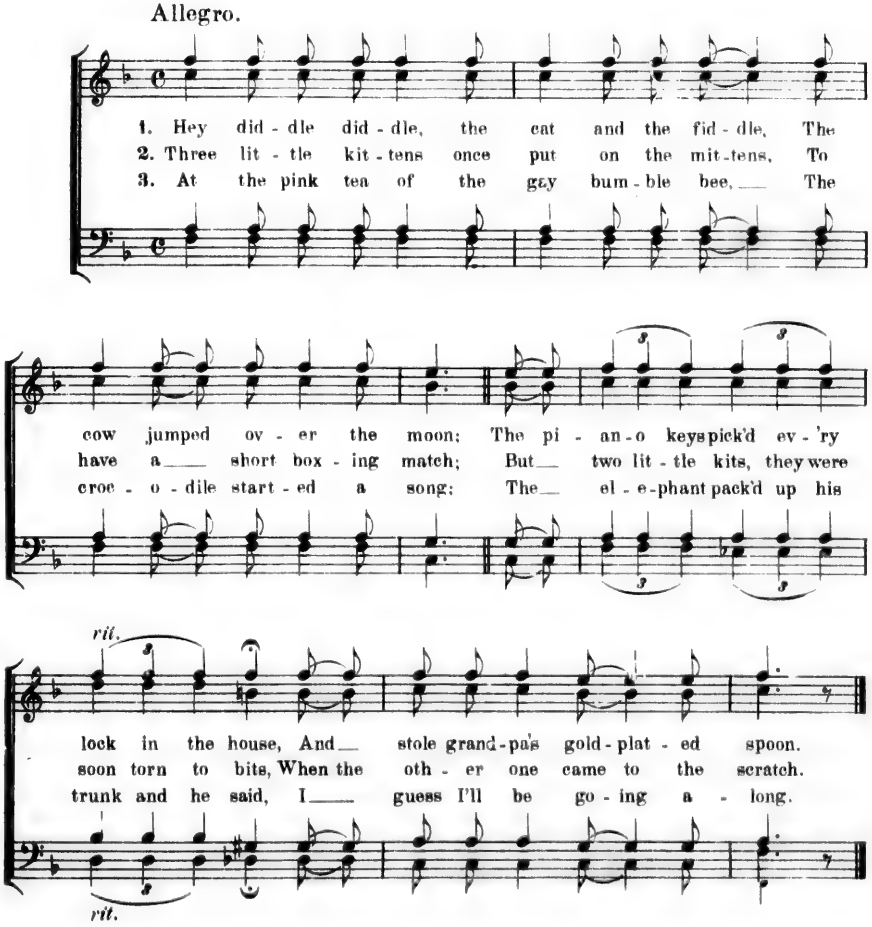
is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a broad with Sal - ly; She is the
when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry Sal - ly; And then how

p



HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE.

Allegro.



THE COBBLER AND THE CROW.

Allegro moderato. Music by ALFRED BROOKS.

Piano.

1. There was a mer - ry cob-bler, bus - y as a bee, Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly,

li - do, When an old black crow came and perch'd up - on the tree, With his

qua! qua! qua! qua! Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do.

2. Now wife you go and fetch my good old blun- [derbus,
Lily, lily, lily, lily, lido,
And I'll shoot yon crow for so much annoying us,
With his qua! qua! qua! qua! Lily, etc.

3. The cobbler miss'd his aim, to hit the crow did [fail,
Lily, lily, lily, lily, lido,
Buf he shot the poor donkey right thro' the head [and tail.
With his qua! qua! qua! qua! Lily, etc.

4. The cobbler could not shoot, no, not to save his [life,
Lily, lily, lily, lily, lido,
He tried to shoot the crow but he shot his darling [wife,
With his qua! qua! qua! qua! Lily, etc.

5. Now having shot his wife, it fill'd his heart with [woe,
Lily, lily, lily, lily, lido,
So the cobbler shot himself because he could not [shoot the crow.
With his qua! qua! qua! qua! Lily, etc.

IN CELLAR COOL.

Words and arr. by C. T. STEELE.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

(humming) mp

There is spot plea-sant round To spend an hour I'm thinking, As
Be - side butt take my rest, And leave the world out - side, sir, I

1st BASS.

mf

+) no so
a I

2nd BASS.

(humming) mp

in cel- under ground Where is the fin - est drinking The cel-lar man with
sip wines are the best And smile what e'er be - tide, sir, That cel-lar man the

the -lar
the that (hum)

glass in hand Will stand in si - lence blink - ing; He takes nod
jol - ly night, Con - tent - ed - ly is blink - ing; He'd fill glass

a as
my from

command And samples for my drink - All stop short and look at 2nd Bass as he sings ing. dri-
till night, He loves to see me

1. 2.

rall.

a
morn (hum) rit. - - -ing. ink-ing.

+) 1st Bass must pretend to be unable to reach low notes and nudges 2nd Bass, who pretends not to understand, finally he catches the idea and, with a great deal of effort, sings the low notes as marked, humming the others. *A great deal of fun* can be made by the 2nd Bass making as if to come in at the wrong time occasionally and feigning inattention.

THE COLORED FOUR HUNDRED.

Words by H. G. WHEELER. Arr. by THEO. MARTENS.

Voice.

Piano.

1. We're beau i-deals of swell-dom in so-cie-ty's "up-per ten", We're
2. We're swains of swell so-ci-e-ty, all im-i-tate our ways; And

i-dolized by buds and belles, and envied by the men; When at a sweet re-
an-y fad we may a-dopt, at once be-comes a craze; We ride and drive, we

cep-tion or a most ex-clu-sive ball, We're the cen-tre of at-traction and the
dance and pose to catch the fe-male eye; And as ma-tri-monial priz-es, don't we

leaders of them all. We pro-me-nade the A-ve-nue and Boulevard; And
set our va-lue high! At ma-ti-nees we show ourselves on Saturdays, And

all the while we tip our hats, and bow and smile; We re - pre-
down the aisle we swing a - long in gal - lant style; We're "in the

sent the el - e - ment, they call "Four Hun-dred" swells.
swim," and out to win; we're co - lored tho - rough - breds.

CHORUS.

1st TENOR.

We are the cream, the *de la crême* Of the colored pop - u -

2nd TENOR.

We are the cream, the cream, the *de la crême, la crême.* We're the cream,

1st & 2nd BASS.

We are the cream, the cream, the *de la crême, la crême,* We're the cream,

- la - tion, and we are a dan-dy team; As for swells, _____ and darkey

de la crême, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

de la crême, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

belles, ___ None can beat the members of the colored Four Hun - - dred.

belles and darkey belles, And none can beat the col-ored Four Hun - - dred.

belles and darkey belles, And none can beat the col-ored Four, *ff* colored Four Hun-dred.

ff

f

ff D.C.

BEIM LIEBCHEN ZU HAUS.

With my loved one at home.

Poco Andante. HEINRICH PFEIL.

mf

1. Am_ Him - mel die Son - ne scheint, 'Sist so schön
1. Ah,_ bright is the sun - shine And beau-teous the

p *mf* *rit.*

draus, A-ber doch ist's am schönsten Beim Lieb - chen zu
bloom, But_ beau - ty is fair - er With my loved one at

più f

Haus, A-ber doch ist's am schön-sten Beim Lieb - chen zu
home, But_ beau - ty is fair - er With my loved one at

pp *riten.* *pp* *più rit.*

Haus, Beim Lieb-chen zu Haus, Beim Lieb-chen zu Haus.
home, With my loved one at home, With my loved one at home.

2. Die Sterne am Himmelszelt
Schau'n so klar aus,
Doch viel klarer seh'n die Sterne
Beim Liebchen zu Haus.

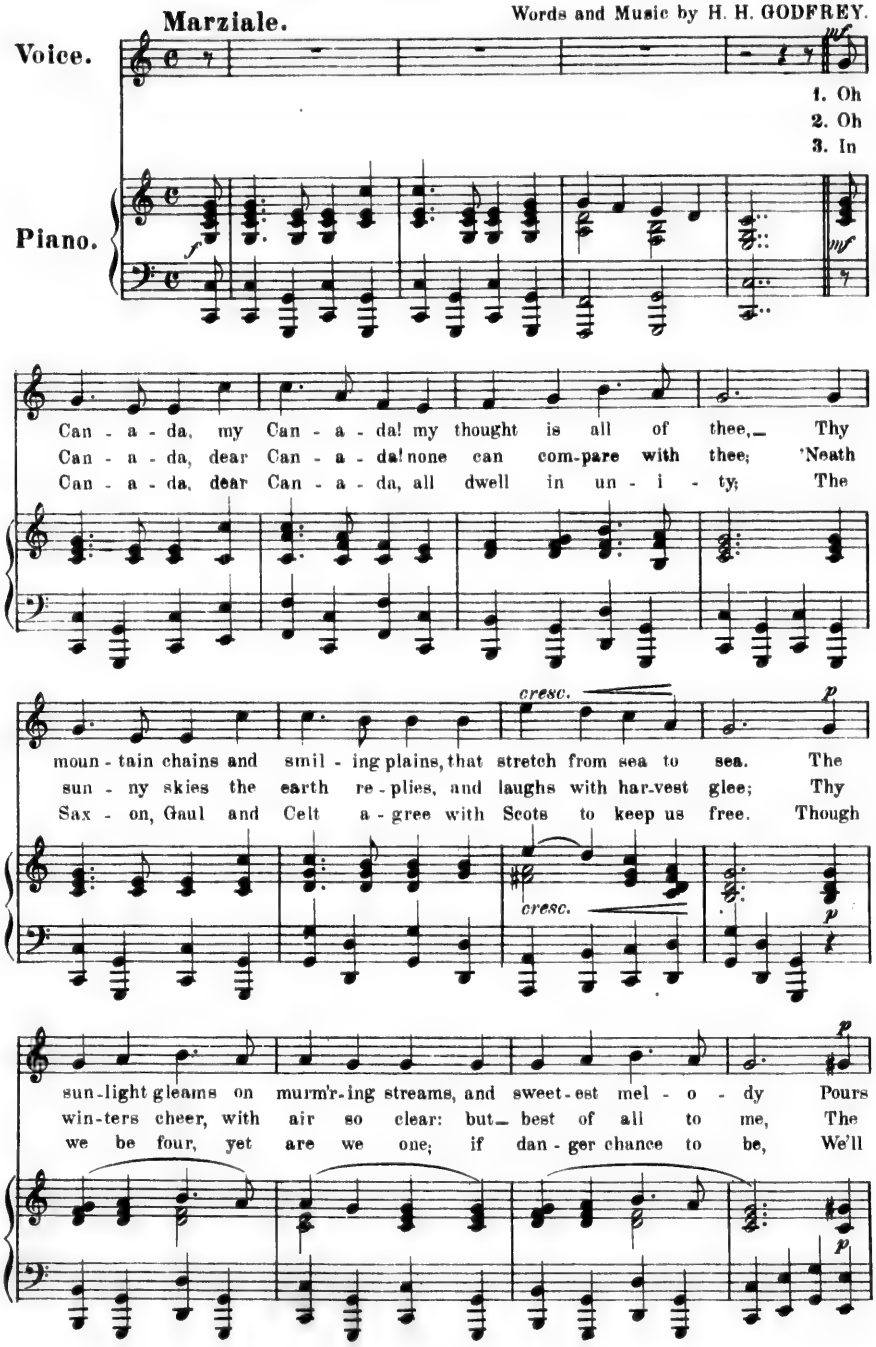
3. Drum mag ich nicht wandern mehr,
Mag nicht hinaus,
Denn es ist doch am schönsten
Beim Liebchen zu Haus.

2. The stars gleam so brightly
In heaven's blue dome,
But brighter they seem
With my loved one at home.

3. I care not to wander,
I care not to roam,
For all things are fairer
With my loved one at home.

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.



ritard. *f*

from the feath-ered song-sters in the spread-ing ma-ple tree.
sum-mer and the sun-shine and the spread-ing ma-ple tree.
bold-ly fight and stand for right be-neath the ma-ple tree.

ritard. *f*

CHORUS.

Oh, the land of the ma-ple is the land for me! the home of the

stal-wart, the brave and the free. The Rose and the This-tle, the

Sham-rock and "Lis" all bloom in one gar-den 'neath the ma-ple tree.

OLD MAN MOSES.

Allegro. Words and Music by DAVID HUME.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Old Mo-ses kept a
2. His business flourish'd
3. So earnest - ly he

ff *pp*

flow-er stand At the cor-ner of the street: You put a quarter in his hand To
ver-y well, For ma-ny pass'd that way; Sometimes a la-dy or a swell Would
plied his trade He'd nev-er go to feed; He al-ways said he was a-fraid His

get a bouquet sweet. He oft-en made his blooming trade Bring him in lots of
buy a nice nose-gay, And oft-en stop to talk with him, To guy him I sup-
flow'rs would go to seed. One win-dy day be wither'd a-way, They buried him with his

pelf, But when-ev-er he gave his plants a drink, He took two drinks him-
pose, But I do de-clare 'twas hard-ly fair To smile at his gay
boots, And now I suppose his jol-ly red nose Is smel-ling the flowers'

self; But when - ev - er he gave his plants a drink, He took two drinks him - self.
nose, But I do___ de-clare 'twas hard-ly fair To smile at his gay nose.
roots, And now I sup-pose his jol - ly red nose Is smelling the flowers' roots.

ff

CHORUS.

1. & 2. Old man Mo - ses, he sells po - sies, All he knows is the price of ro - ses;
3. Old man Mo - ses, now re - po - ses, Where the ro - ses___ deck his toes - es;

Old man Mo - ses, he sells po - sies, Red as a rose is, Mo - ses' nose is.
Old man Mo - ses, now re - po - ses, Un - der the ros - es Mo - ses' nose is.

molto rit.

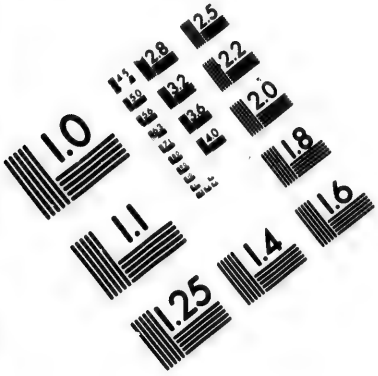
1. & 2. 3.

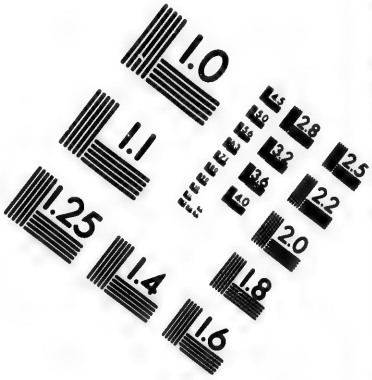
HE'S A DAISY.

1. He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.

Just now he's_ a___ dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now

2 See him smiling just now.
3 We are ditto just now.





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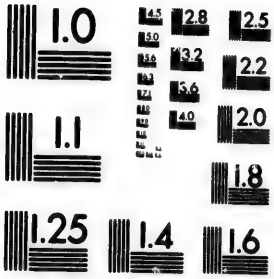

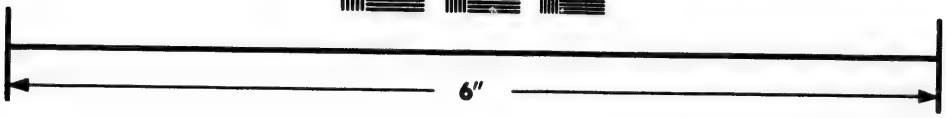

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NED.

1. There was a young man named Ned, There was a young man named
2. There was a young girl named Perkins, There was a young girl named

named Ned,
named Perkins

Ned, There was a young man named Ned, named Ned, Who
Perkins, There was a young girl named Perkins, named Perkins, Who

named Ned,
named Perkins,

just be-fore go-ing to bed, There was a young man named
just sim-ply do-ted on gherkins, There was a young girl named

Ned, Who just be-fore go-ing to bed, Ate ve-ry much of a
Perkins, Who just simply do-ted on gherkins, In spite of ad-vice she ate

rit.

cheese that was Dutch, Ate ve-ry much of a cheese that was Dutch. There
so much of spice, In spite of ad-vice she ate so much of spice. There

rit.

a tempo

was a young man named Ned, Who just before go-ing to bed,
was a young girl named Perkins, Who just simply do-ted on gherkins, In

a tempo

to bed,
on gherkins,

Ate ve-ry much of a cheese that was Dutch, And when he woke up he was dead, dead.
spite of ad-vice she ate so much of spice, That she pickled her inter-nal workins, workins.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Voice.

Piano.

R. H.

1. When we first came on this campus, Freshmen we, as
2. We have fought the fight to-geth-er, We have struggled

green as grass; Now, as grave and reverend seniors, Smile we ov-er the ver-dant past.
side by side; Bro-ken is the bond that held us— We must cut our sticks and slide.

CHORUS.

AIR.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,

SECOND.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,

BASS.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

1. 2.

3. Some will go to Greece or Klondyke,
Some to Mimico or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains—
More, perhaps, will stay at home.
Chorus:— Cocachelunk, *etc.*

4. When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included,—
Won't we be an uproarious class?
Chorus:— Cocachelunk, *etc*

PUSSY'S IN THE WELL.

C. B. RUTENBER.

Moderato.

Ding, dong, ——

Ding, dong bell, ——

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

Ding, dong, ding, dong,

ding, dong ——

Allegro.

Pus-sy's in the Well; ——

Who put her in? Who put her in?

ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

cresc.

Who, who, who put her in?

Lit-tle John-ny Green,

Lit-tle John-ny

lit-tle John-ny Green,

lit-tle John-ny Green, lit-tle John-ny Green;

Green,

lit-tle John-ny Green,

più lento

Allegro maestoso.

Who pull'd her out? Who, who?

John Stout,

Big John Stout, John

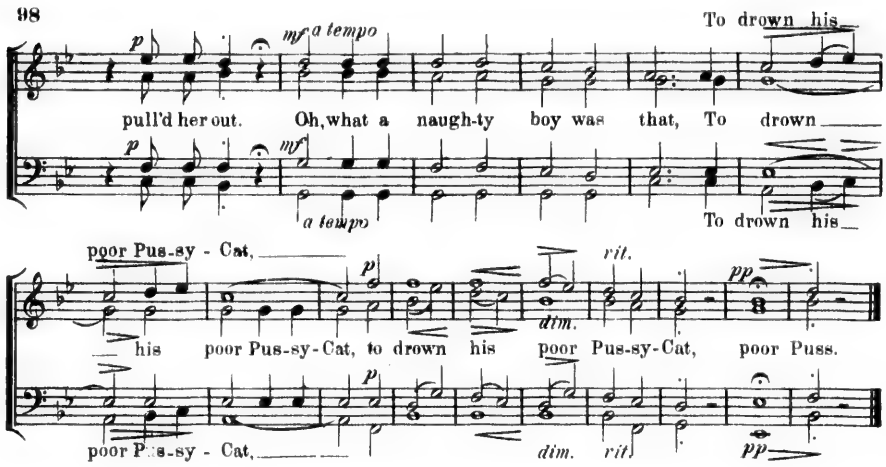
molto accel.

John Stout pull'd her out, John Stout pull'd her out. John Stout

Stout pull'd her out, ——

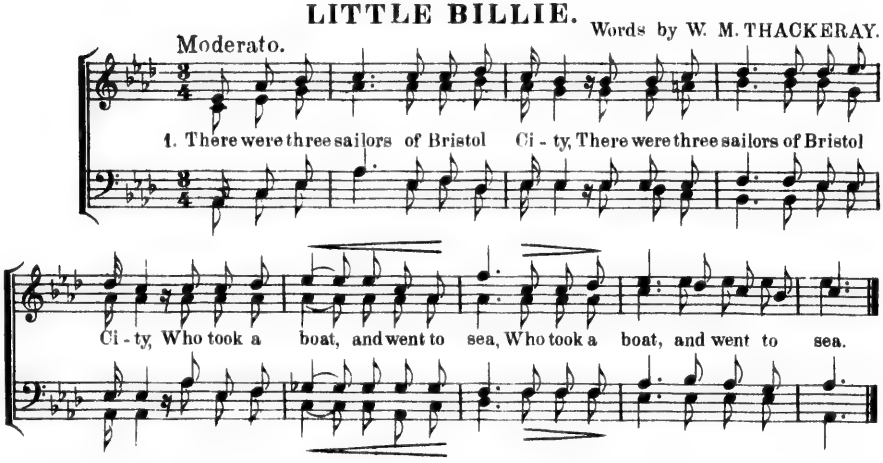
molto accel.

John Stout



LITTLE BILLIE.

Words by W. M. THACKERAY.



2. There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billie,
Now when they got as far as the equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

3. Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree,"
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

4. Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender;
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

5. "Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

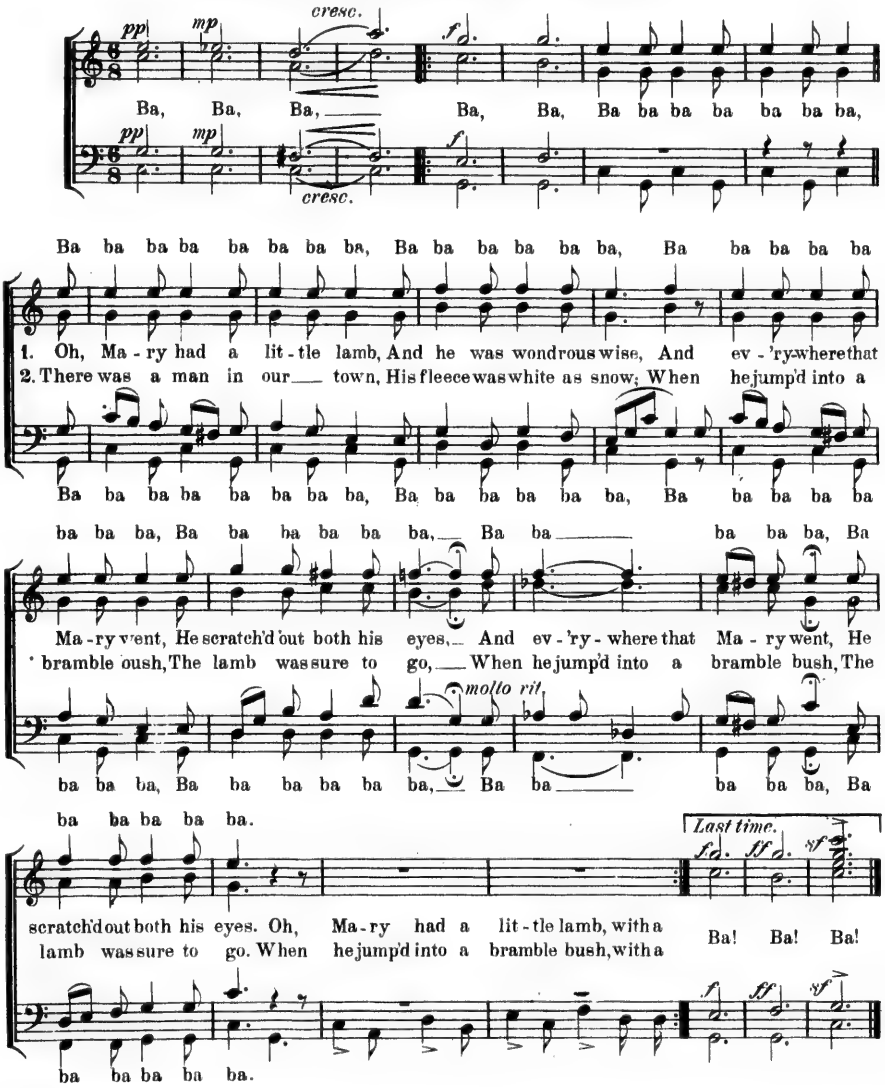
6. "First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

7. So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee;
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
When up he jumps—"There's land I see."

8. "Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

9. So when they got aboard of the Admiral,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jimmie;
But as for little Bill, he made him—
The captain of a seventy-three.

MARY'S LITTLE WISE MAN.



3. He followed her to school one day,
With all his might and main,
‖:It made the children laugh and play,:‖
To scratch them in again.

4. And when he saw his eyes were out,
Which was against the rule,
‖:He jumped into another bush,:‖
To see the lamb at school.

5. And so the teacher turned him out
His wife could eat no lean,
‖:And waited patiently about,:‖
And licked the platter clean.

6. What makes the lamb love Mary so?
For he himself had said it,
‖:'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know.:‖
And it's greatly to his credit.

CHAS. W. ST. JOHN
VANCOUVER. B. C.

LOCH LOMON!

(Old Scotch Song.)

Arr. by ARTHUR FOOTE.

Not too slowly.

Piano.

p

Ped. *

p

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

p

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where, in pur - ple hue, the
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro-ken heart, it kens nae

mf

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam - in'. } Oh!
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - in'.

p

Brisker.

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-

dolente

fore ye; But me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the

pp

1st & 2nd Verses.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

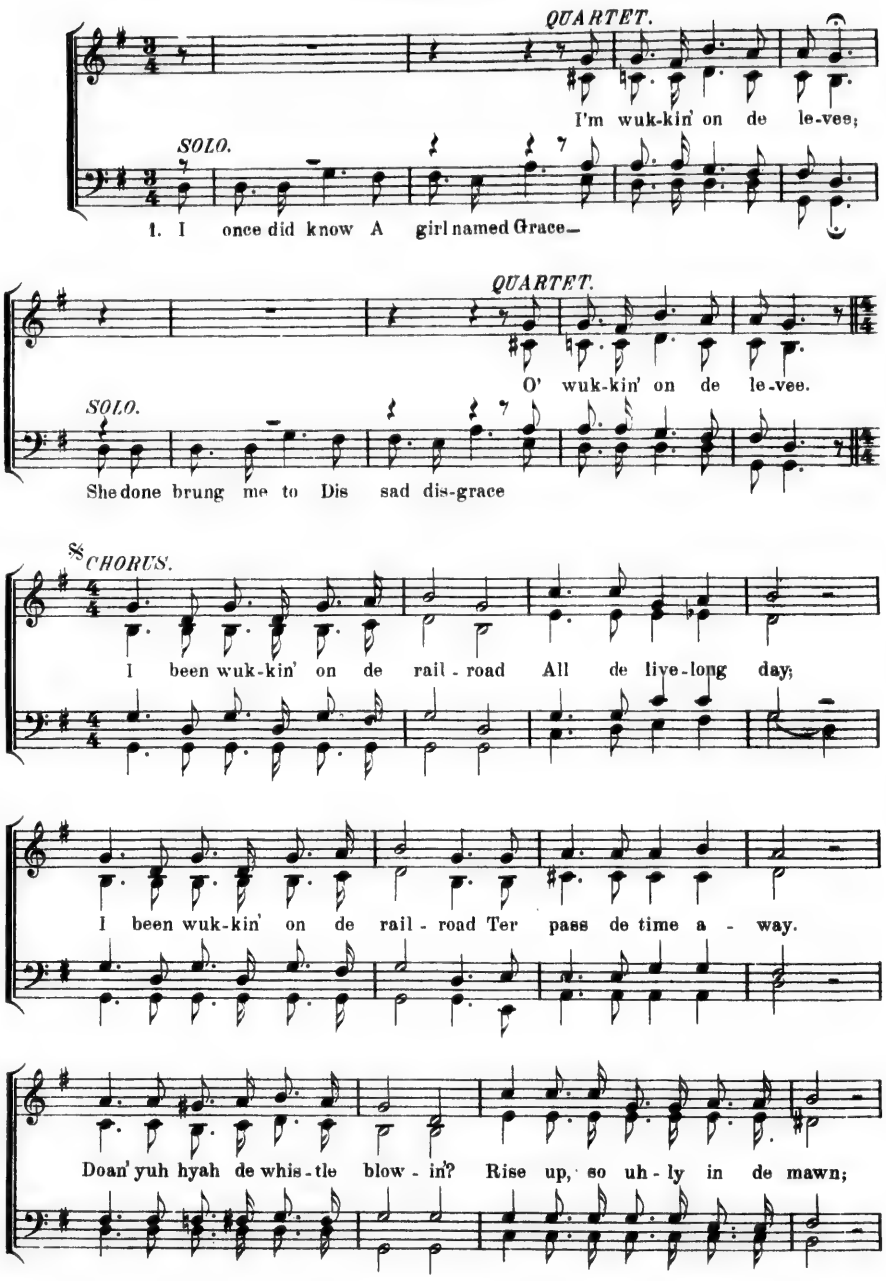
Last Verse.

Lo - mon'.

rit.

LEVEE SONG.

Mixed Quartet.



Fine.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

SOLO.

2. Sing a song o' the ci - ty; Roll dat cot - ton bale;

Humming Chorus.

Nig - gah ain' half so hap - py As when he's out o' jail.

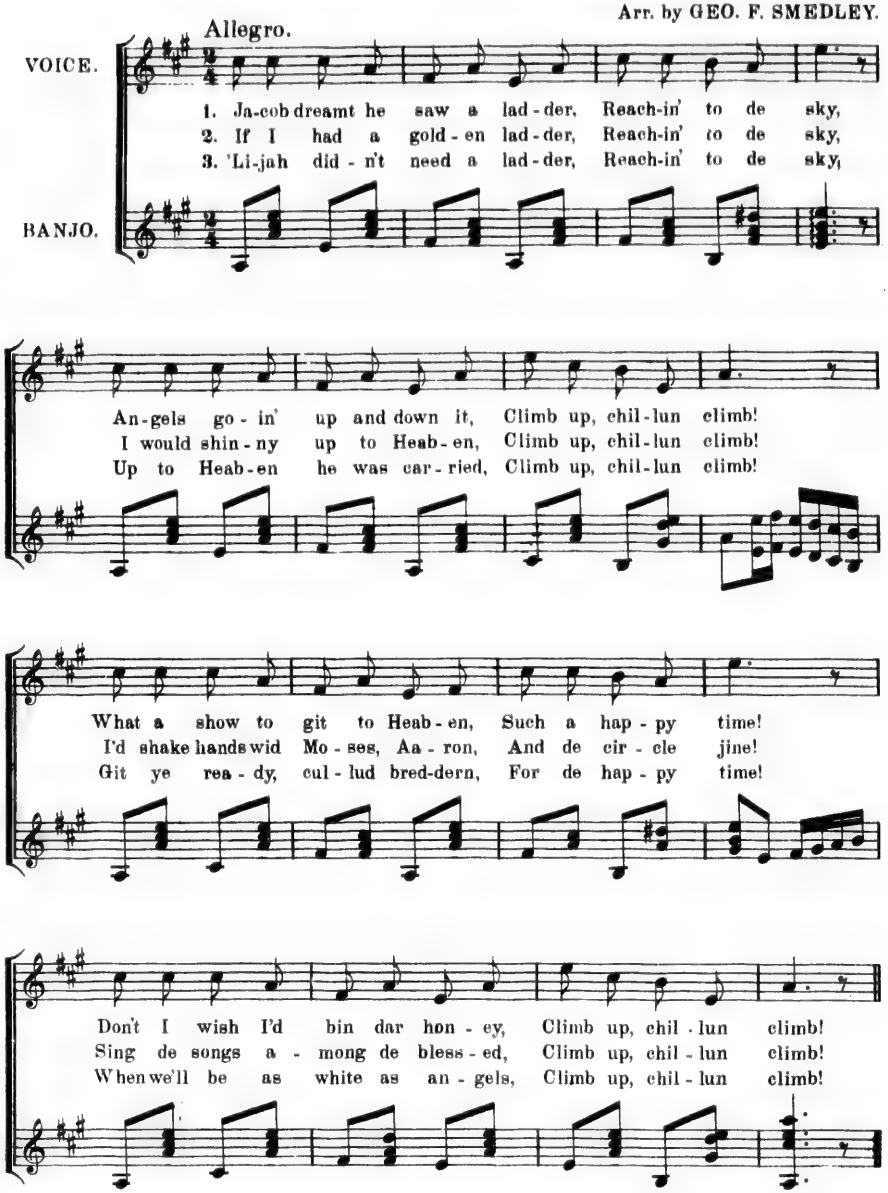
Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans,

D. S. Chorus.

Cha'leston foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs New Aw - leans.

CLIMB UP, YE CHILLUN, CLIMB.

Arr. by GEO. F. SMEDLEY.



CHORUS.

Climb up, ye lit-tle chil-lun! Climb up, ye old-er peo-ple! Climb up

to de sky! Now is your chance for Heab-en, Go up in

six and seb-ens, Climb up, ye chil-lun, climb!

Climb up, ye lit-tle chillun! Climb up, ye old-er people! Climb up to de

sky! Now is your chance for Heaben, Go up in

six and seb-ens, Climb up, ye chil lun, climb!

TO THE NORTH!

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE '89. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES '88.

Voice.

Piano

1. We care not if the world be wide; Nor South, nor East, nor golden West Can match the Northland's rugged pride. The North, the hardy North's the best!

To the North! to the North we go! To the North, where the pine trees grow.

CHORUS.

To the North! to the North we go! To the North, where the pine trees grow.

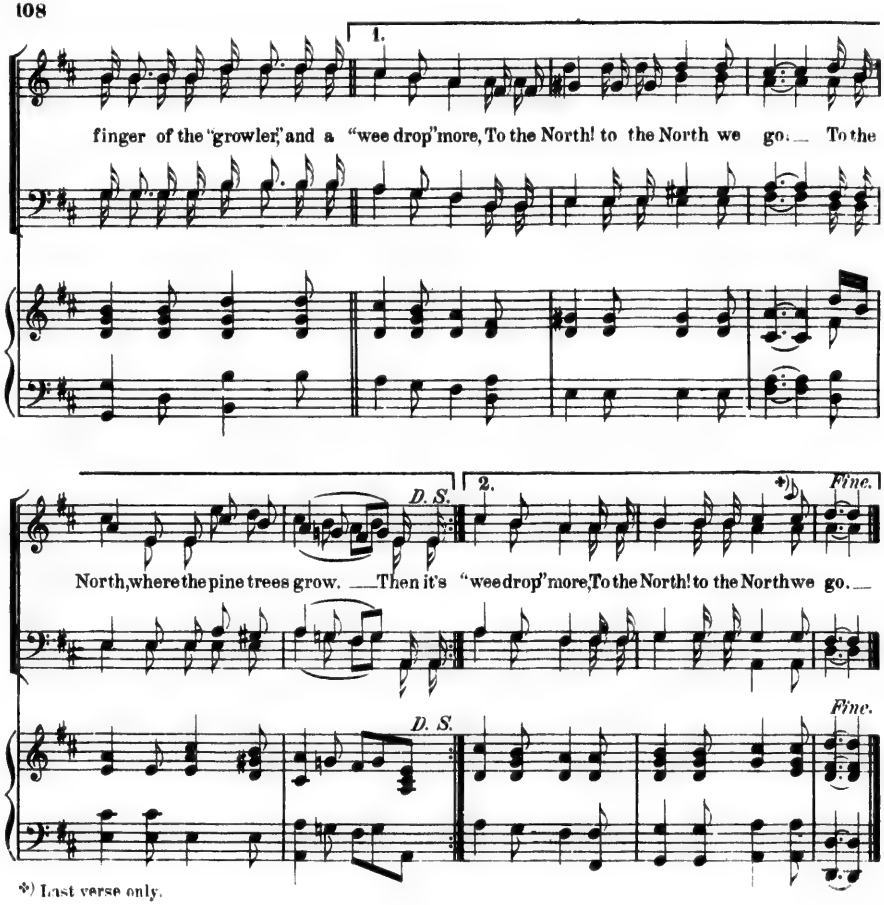
Then it's ho! for the gleaming paddle; And it's ho! for the line and rod,—— And the

Yo ho! Yo ho!

rushing fall, and the pine trees tall, And the wa-ters bright and broad.—— With

Yo ho!

pots and pans and pails ga-lore, With hams and jams a good-ly store; With a



*) Last verse only.

2. Who yearns for palmy Southern seas?
Who longs to dream the languorous hours—
To fritter in luxurious ease
His vigorous manhood's early powers?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the fresh winds blow.

3. Who longs for dainties rich and rare,
For cooling wines and liqueurs hot,—
That once has known the simpler fare
That fills the camper's generous pot?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the black bass grow.

4. Who would not flee the whirl and strife,—
The anxious brow, the ceaseless strain,
To drink again the milk of life,—
To feel himself a child again?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, from the debts we owe.

5. Let others sail the sluggish streams
That murmur through the quiet night.
Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
On curving green and foaming white!
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the torrents flow.

6. So, till with age our spirits flag,
And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
The North shall fling from crag to crag
The echo of our boisterous cheer.
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

FOOT-BALL SONG.

AIR:—"Marching through Georgia."

Adapted.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Our boys are on the foot-ball field, They've gather'd for the fray; The
2. Our play-ers ev-'ry one are made Of heads and mus-cle tough; The
3. Just watch our quar-ter take the ball— This time we'll see some fun;

Col-lege yell is in the air, We've come to win the day, We
com-bi-na-tion al-ways works, For they are up to snuff; They'll
Poor old Queen is rat-tled;++) And he'll make an-oth-er run; Like

know the game of foot-ball, And we'll show them how to play,—
show the King-ston+) fel-lows That they're not quite good e-nough,—
light-ning through the line he goes, The vic-to-ry is won,—

1—3. While we are shout-ing for Tor-on-to.

+) Or as the case may be.— ++) Or "Hamilton", or "Montreal" or as the case may be.

CHORUS. (Melody in 2nd Tenor.)

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll rush the ball a - long, A kick, a shove, We'll

crash right through the throng, No line can stop our fel - lows In their

rush - es fierce and strong, While we are shout-ing for Tor - on - to.

C'ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE.

SOLO. *CHORUS.* *SOLO.*

1. C'é - tait u - ne Ber - gè - re, Ron, ron, ron, pe - ta - pit, pe - ta - pon, C'é-

CHORUS.

tait u-ne Ber - gè - re, Qui gardait ses mou - tons-rons-rons, Qui gardait ses mou-tons.

2. Son chat qui la regardait,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
Son chat qui la regardait,
D'un petit air fripond-ron-ron,
D'un petit air fripond.

3. Si tu y mets la patte,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
Si tu y mets la patte,
Tu gouteras du bâton-ron-ron,
Tu gouteras du bâton.

4. Si je n'y mets la patte,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
Si je n'y mets la patte,
Je mettrai le menton-ron-ron,
Je mettrai le menton.

5. La bergère en colère,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
La bergère en colère,
A tué son chatton-ron-ron,
A tué son chatton.

6. Faut aller à confesser,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
Faut aller à confesser,
Pour obtenir pardon-ron-ron,
Pour obtenir pardon.

7. Pour votre penitence,
Ron, ron, ron, petapit, petapon,
Pour votre penitence,
Vous mangerez chatton-ron-ro-
Vous mangerez chatton.

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER!

Allegro moderato.

Words and Music by T. H. ALLEN.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good-
2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good-
3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good-

bye! We may not meet for many a day, Good - bye, my lov - er, good-
bye! What can I do but ev - er weep? Good - bye, my lov - er, good-
bye! I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good-

Più lento.

bye! My heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly
bye! My heart is brok - en with re - gret! But nev - er dream that
bye! Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of

Più lento.

rall.

say a - dieu; Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lover, good-bye!
I'll for - get; I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lover, good-bye!
you shall be, Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lover, good-bye!

 Chorus for Mixed voices.

Tempo I.

The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!___ 'Tis

sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!___

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH.

Quite slow.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

Far a - way in the South a - mong the cot - ton fields, There's a place where I
Where the mag - no - lia blooms a - round the ca - bin door, There's a place where I

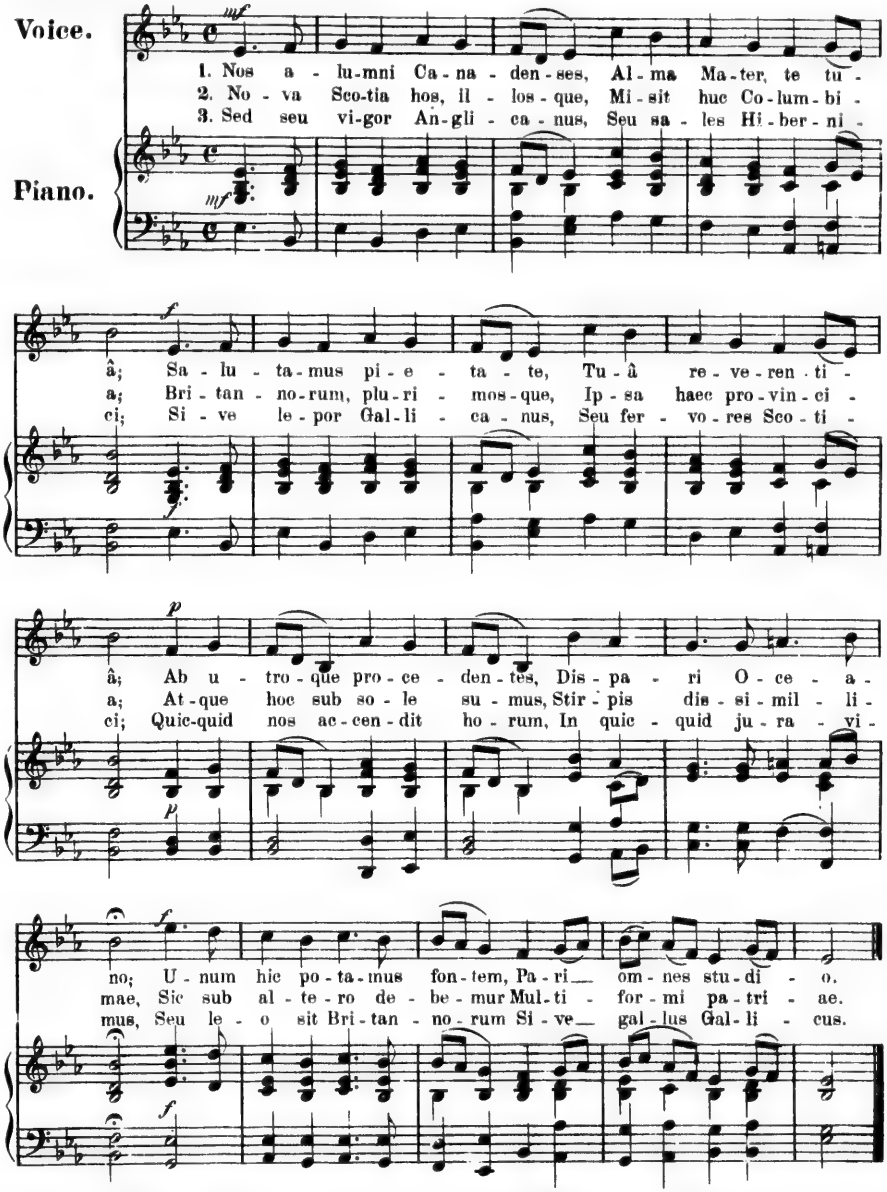
ev - er long to be;
ev - er long to be.
Give me a home in the dear old South, For fondly I love it still;

I will sigh night and day, I long to see a - gain My old cabin home among the hills.

Note.— The harmony above is that used by the colored singers in the South.

ALMA MATER.

Words by Prof. MAURICE HUTTON, M. A.



4. Seu, pro signo mitiore,
Citharam Hiberniae,
Cardiumve Scoticorum,
Liliumve Galliae;
Omnes certe sacramento
"Frons Acerna" adigit,
"Velut arbor," aiunt, "aevo"
Carius in diem fit.

5. Omnis certe Canadensis,
Unus ardor omnium,
Schola haec Torontonensis,
Canadae Dominium;
Age dic "Torontonensis
Vivat Universitas,
Vivat simul Canadensis
Ante omnes civitas."

THE BOBBY MAN.

Words by J. MALCOLM BULLOCH, M. A.
(Used by permission of Author.)

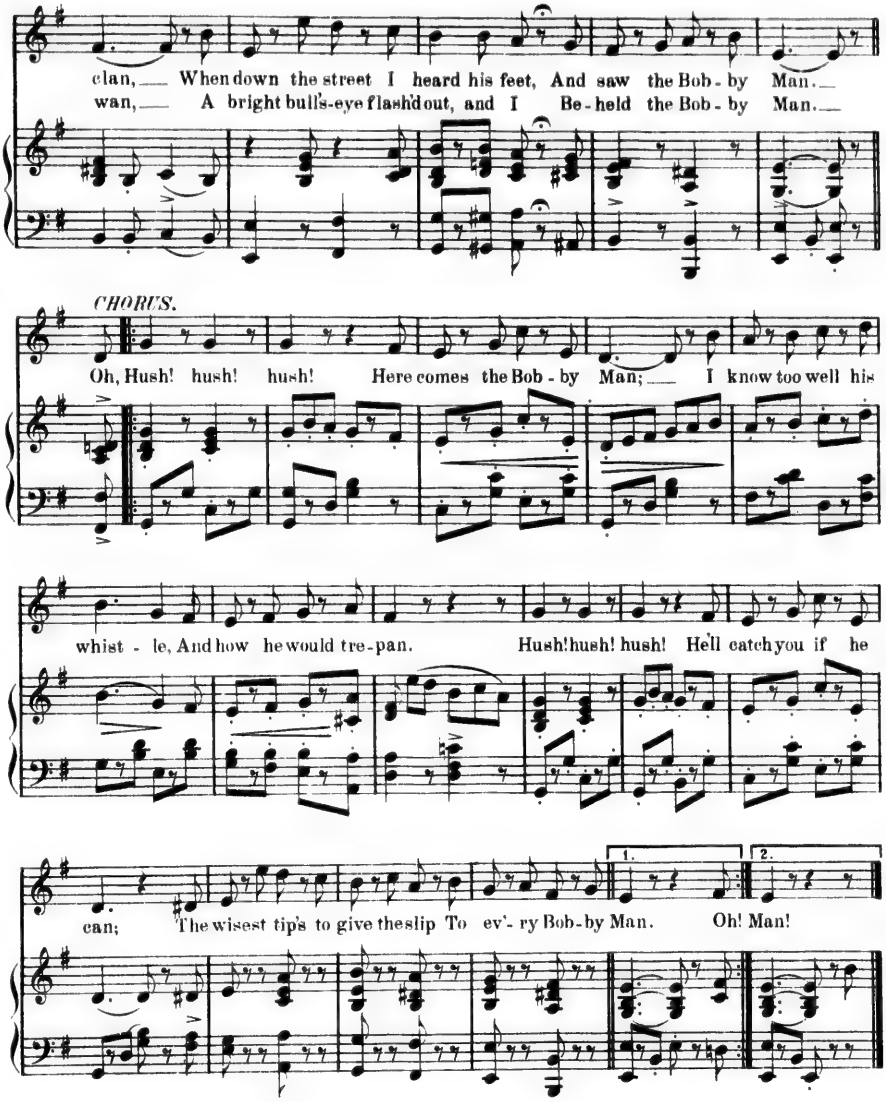
Moderato.

Piano.

1. Come gath - er round, and
2. I heard that tramp, and

I'll be bound I'll make your blood run chill. I saw a sight the oth - er night That
down the lamp While I had meant to snuff, At once I dropped, and then I stopped Ex-

al-most made me ill. I'd just been at a gath' - ring Of a - ca - de-mic
pect-ant of a cuff. And then I saw a glim - mer My fea-tures pale and



3. A whistle blew, the sound I knew,
My heart went pit-a-pat,
And, sad to tell, I tripped and fell,
And lost my cane and hat.
Then, from the pavement scrambling,
I straightway rose and ran,—
Nor slacked my pace till I could trace
No more that Bobby Man.
Chorus.— Hush! hush! hush! etc.

4. At nights I dream; I see that gleam,
And, starting from my bed,
I sit in fear, agog to hear
That elephantine tread.
I seem to see that lantern,
A flashing helmet scan;
The whole affair comes back whene'er
I see a Bobby man.
Chorus.— Hush! hush! hush! etc.

"BEN-MY-CHREE."

(The girl of my heart.)

Manx Song.

1. Fair - est maid of Mo-na's Isle, Sweet Ben - my - chree!
2. For - tune lies a - cross the sea, Sweet Ben - my - chree!

cresc.

Once a - gain up - on me smile, Sweet Ben-my - chree! Tho' from thee I jour-ney
For-tune I will win for thee, Sweet Ben-my - chree! Grieve not that I now must

cresc.

rit.

far, Thou wilt be my guid-ing star, Shin-ing on me from a - far,
roam, And with strangers seek a home, Our re - un-ion day will come,

rit.

CHORUS. *p* *pp e rit.*

Sweet Ben-my - chree!
Sweet Ben-my - chree!
Sweet Ben-my - chree! Sweet Ben - my-chree! Sweet Ben-my-chree!

p *pp e rit.*

3. Mona's lovely hills and vales,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!
Mona's beauteous glens and dales,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!
Ne'er will from my mem'ry fade,
But will live with thee, dear maid,
Never shalt thou be betrayed,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!

4. Come the dawning of the day,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!
Then our ship will sail away,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!
Dearest, watch us out of sight,
Dearest, pray the coming night,
That our future may be bright,
Sweet Ben-my-chree!

THE PUSHFUL POLLYWOG.

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE '89. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES '88.

SOLO.

1. In the dim-ness of the a-ges when the 'Var-si-ty was young,
2. It may seem a lit-tle fish-y, but phi-los-o-phers re-late
3. As he swam one summer morn-ing, close be side the qui-et shore,
4. Had you met him somewhat lat-er, you'd have strug-gled to es-cape,

Piano.

CHORUS.

AIR.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y!

SOLO.

Groped a spine-less pol-ly-wogg le with an un-de-veloped lung;
The tad-dy soon a fish became, tho' still in-ver-te-brate;
The bank look'd so in-vit-ing that he ventur'd to ex-plore;
For real-ly he present-ed a most question-a-ble shape;

CHORUS.

AIR.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y!

SOLO.

It was strug-gle, it was strive; It was
'Mid the si-lence of the sea, In a
So he flopp'd and waddled out, Look'd with
Sav-age joy, to us de-nied, Fill'd the

rall.

hard to keep a - live; But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this
voice - less mel - o - dy, Still he gur - gled, gur - gled, gur - gled at a
in - ter - est a - bout, Grew a set of legs to car - ry him, and
crea - ture's hair - y hide, As he chat - ter'd, chat - ter'd, chat - ter'd in the

CHORUS.

lit - tle song he sung,
tru - ly tire - some rate,
murmur'd as be - fore,
semblance of an ape,

AIR. But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this
Still he gur - gled, gur - gled, gur - gled at a
Grew a set of legs to car - ry him, and
As he chat - ter'd, chat - ter'd, chat - ter'd in the

CHORUS. Tempo ordinario.

lit - tle song he sung:
tru - ly tiresome rate:
murmur'd as be - fore:
semblance of an ape:

Var - si - ty! Var - si - ty! V - A - R - S - I - T - Y!

ad lib.

Directions:— For first chorus sing (*pp*) Varsity; for second (*p*) Varsity, Varsity; for third (*mf*) Varsity, Varsity, Varsity (*jocoso*); for fourth, complete chorus.

Last verse only.+)

V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! Var - si - ty! Rah! Rah! Rah!

5. Coming down another aeon, you'll observe a curious thing:
The ape has lost the tail by which of yore he used to swing;
Cane and collar, hands and feet—
Lo, the Freshman all complete!
With a saw-mill in his thorax now this ditty doth he sing:
Chorus:—Varsity! Varsity! etc.

6. The world is very evil, and I shouldn't like to guess
To what a bad ascendancy the Freshman might progress;
He might evolve a brain;
A degree he might obtain;
But though he were a Senator, he'd warble none the less:
Chorus as before, but adding the shout.+)

SERENADE.

Andante.

1. O why art thou not near me, O,—— my love; The stars would mild-ly cheer thee,
2. Soft heaves the ocean's bil-low, O,—— my love; Wilt thou not leave thy pil - low,
3. My heart is almost rend-ing, O,—— my love; With grief and joy con-tend - ing,

O,—— my love; The moon now dim-ly glow-ing, Her wan-ing light is throwing;
O,—— my love; I wan-der forth des-pair-ing, To-night my woes de-clar-ing; Good
O,—— my love; Thy love I e'er shall cher-ish, Till all things else shall per-ish;

SOLO.

espressivo e rit.

night,— my sweetest love, Good night,— my sweetest love, Good night, my love.

Tutti.

Good night, Good night, Good night,

HA! HA! MISS LINDY!

C. T. STEELE.

TENORS.

1. Er nig - ger with er fid - dle and er nig - ger with er bow,
2. We'll prom - e - nade de tur - key - wing den plant yo' lef' foot out,
3. De ket - tle's on de fire___ an' der cof - fee's in de pot,
4. When - eb - er I go fish - in' I go with er line an' pole,

1st BASS SOLO.

2nd BASS.

Come a - long, O! come a - long.

Will set Miss Lin - dy stomp - in' and a - way Miss Jane will go!
Miss Lin - dy pass me yo' right hand, Miss Jane just turn a - bout.
Den right foot up an' lef' foot down de fid - dle's get - tin' hot!
But when I go a court - in' den I go with heart an' soul!

Come a - long, O! come a - long.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Miss Lin - dy, Ha! ha! ha! ha! Miss Jane, Miss Jane she totes de cot - ton sack, Miss Lin - dy totes de___ cane!

After last Verse.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Miss Lin - dy, Ha! ha! ha! ha! Miss Jane, Miss

Jane she totes de cot - ton sack, Miss Lin - dy totes de cane! *D.S.*

À ST.-MALO.

Vivace.

1. À St.-Ma-lo, beau port de mer, À St.-Ma-lo, beau port de mer,

CHORUS.

Trois gros navires sont ar - ri - ves Nous i - rons sur l'eau nous y

prom prom - en - er, Nous - i - rons jou - er sur l'is - let.

rit.

2. ‖:Trois gros navires sont arrivés:‖
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de blé,
Chorus.— Nous irons, etc.

3. ‖:Chargés d'avoine, chargés de blé,:‖
Trois dames s'en vont les marchander.
Chorus.— Nous irons, etc.

4. ‖:Trois dames s'en vont les marchander,:‖
Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?
Chorus.— Nous irons, etc.

5. ‖:Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé,:‖
C'est bien trop cher d'une bonne moitié.
Chorus.— Nous irons, etc.

DUNDERBECK.

Music written for "New Songs" by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

1. There was a fat old Dutchman, And his name was Dun-der-beck, He was ver-y fond of saus-a-ges, And sau-er-kraut and speck; He kept a great big butch-er shop, The fin-est ev-er seen, And he got him out a pat-ent For a sausage-meat ma-chine.

2. One day a ver-y lit-tle boy Came walk-ing in the store, To___ buy a pound of saus-age-meat And eggs a half a score, And then while he was stand-ing there, He whist-led up a tune, And the saus-a-ges be-gan to dance And hop a-bout the room.

3. But some-thing got the mat-ter, The ma-chine it would not go, So___ Dun-der-beck, he crawl'd in-side, The rea-son for to know; His wife she had the night-mare, And, walk-ing in her sleep, She_ gave the crank a blank of a yank, And Dunder-beck was meat.

CHORUS.

O Dun-der-beck! O Dun-der-beck! How could you be so mean; I'm

sor-ry you e'er in-vent-ed That won-der-ful ma-chine; For

pus-sy cats and long-tail'd rats Will nev-er-more be seen, For they'll

all be ground to sau-sage-meat In Dun-der-beck's ma-chine.

THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

CHORUS. CHORUS.

Thou art my own love, be - lieve me, Promise you ne'er will de - ceive me.

SOLO. SOLO.

CHORUS.

Ah, _____ would that thou wert mine! Cupid, thou art but a rov - er,

SOLO.

Seek - ing for - ev - er Some fool-ish rogue of a lov - er. You will find him,

accel. land, _____

Nev - er fear. And oh, we'll dine on the fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine when we have

land, _____

mar-ried been, my love, When we have married been, my love. And oh, we'll dine on the

land, _____ rit.

fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine When we have mar-ried been.

land, _____ rit.

THE OLD ONTARIO STRAND.

The Victoria University Song.

Voice.

Piano.

1. My fa - ther sent me to Vic - to - ria, And re-
2. At first they used me rath - er rough - ly, As___
3. Then sing a - loud to Al - ma Ma - ter, And___

solved that I should be a man; And___ so I set-tled down in that
I the fear - ful gaunt-let ran; They___ tossed me so a - bout, that they
keep the scar - let in the van; For___ with her mot-to high, Vic's___

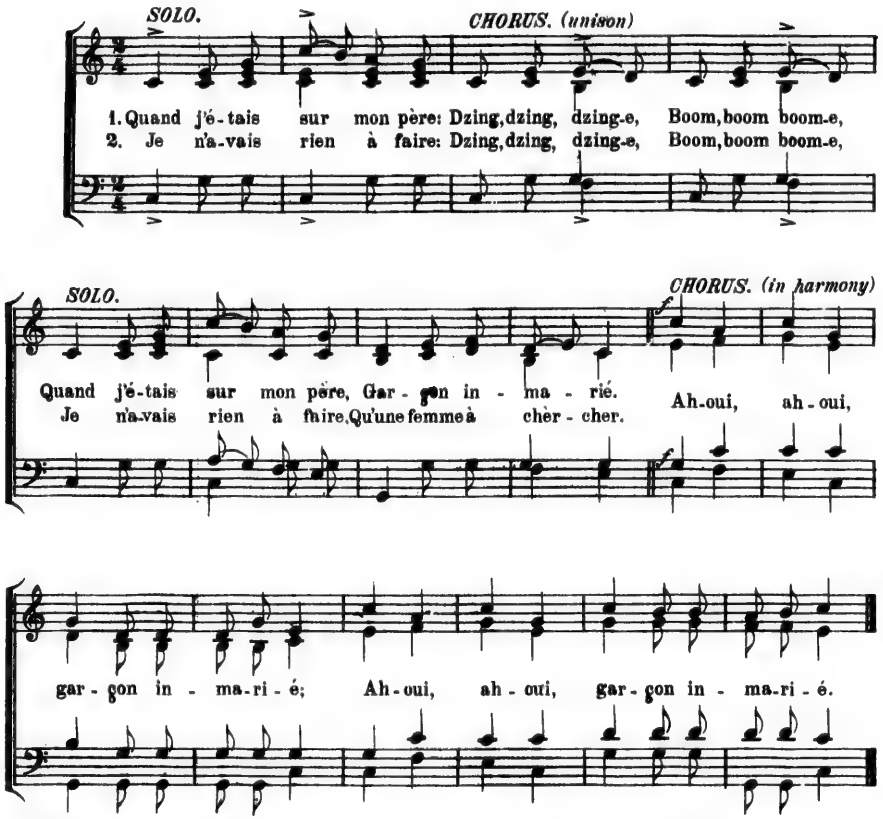
roy - al Col - lege town, By the old On - ta - rio Strand.
turned me in - side out, On the old On - ta - rio Strand.
name shall nev - er die, On the old On - ta - rio Strand.

CHORUS. (Melody in 2nd Tenor.)

On the old On - ta - rio Strand, my boys, Where Vic - to - ria ev - er-more shall

stand; For___ has she not stood since the time of the flood, On the old On-ta-rio Strand.

SUR MON PÈRE.+)



+) For this and the other French Canadian Songs in this book the Committee are indebted to Mr. W. H. Blake.

3. À présent j'en ai une
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
À présent j'en ai une
Qui me fait enragé.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

4. Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage,
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage,
Sans boire et sans manger.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

5. Quand j'reviens de l'ouvrage,
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
Quand j'reviens de l'ouvrage,
Tout mouillé tout glacé.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

6. Je demande à ma femme,
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
Je demande à ma femme,
Si j'ai de quoi manger.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

7. Va-tu manger du diable,
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

8. Les os sont sous la table,
Dzing, dzing, dzing-e, Boom, boom, boom-e,
Les os sont sous la table,
Si tu veux les ronger.
Chorus.— Ah-oui, etc.

GO 'WAY, OLD MAN.

ESTILL McHENRY.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh, I'll build me a lit - tle hut, On the_ moun-tain so high, To_ gaze on my true - love, As she do pass by.
2. Oh, her eyes sparkle like a dia-mond, Like a bright morn - ing star; Her_ cheeks are so lub - ly, Her face is so fa'r.
3. Oh,_ she do_ look_ so sweet, Like a rose on de vine; Lord lub dat lubly la - dy, Dat dwells in my mind.

CHORUS.

f

Go 'way, old man, and leave me a - lone, For I am a stran - ger, And a long way from home.

Repeat Chorus pp

4. Oh, supposin' I should go to New Orleans,
And take sick and die,
Like flies into de country
My spirit would fly.
*Chorus.*_ Go 'way, etc.

5. Oh, come back to your lub,
When de punkins am in bloom,
When de hummin' birds am singin'
In de sweet munf of June.
*Chorus.*_ Go 'way, etc.

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A SENIOR'S LAST WORDS.

Words by A. E. McFARLANE '98. Music by EDMUND HARDY, Mus. Bac. '02

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh they tell of the du - ty of students; They preach on the val - ue of time; But just take my ad - vice, Which is quite be - yond price, And is put in - to beau - ti - ful rhyme, And is put in - to beau - ti - ful rhyme.

2. When first you come here as a fresh - ie, You should careful - ly make out a chart; That on it you may find Ev - 'ry hour what to grind; And 'twill show you've a sim - ple young heart, And 'twill show you've a sim - ple young heart.

3. You should loft - i - ly preach against plugging, And lib - er - al cul - ture ex - tol; But from East - er to May, All pro - cliv - i - ties gay Will take flight from your fes - tive young soul, Will take flight from your festive young soul.

CHORUS.

1. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, How tru - ly these coll - ege ways are ab - surd.

2. & 3. Oh, how il - log - ic - al you'll say; But 'tis the un - der grad - u - ate way.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Male voices.

1. Sun-set and Even-ing Star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning bar When I put out to sea.
2. But mov-ing tide a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the deep Turns to its ear-liest home.
3. Twilight and Evening Bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no sad fare-well, When I at last em-bark; see my Pi-lot's face, When I have crossed the bar.
4. For tho' from Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I hope to

f *ff* *dim.* *p* *pp* *Lento.* *rit.* *SOLO.*

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J'AI PERDÛ MA FEMME.+)

ALTO & TEN.

1. J'ai per-dû ma fem-me, Bel-ler-ie ma-dam-e,
2. Ce-lui qui la trou-ve, Bel-ler-ie ma-dam-e,

J'ai per-dû ma fem-me, En plant-ant des choux.
Ce-lui qui la trou-ve, Gag-ner-a cinq sous.

+) When sung by male voices 2nd Ten. & 1st Bass sing melody.

3. J'ai trouve ta femme,
Bellerie madame,
J'ai trouve ta femme,
Payez moi comptant.

4. Cinq sous par semaine,
Bellerie madame,
Cinq sous par semaine,
Font vingt sous par mois.

MARIA'S LAMBKIN.

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Ma - ri - a had a Lamb-kin, Of most pro-dig-ious size, And when the but-cher cut his throat, She wept out both her eyes, She wept out both her eyes, She wept out both her eyes.

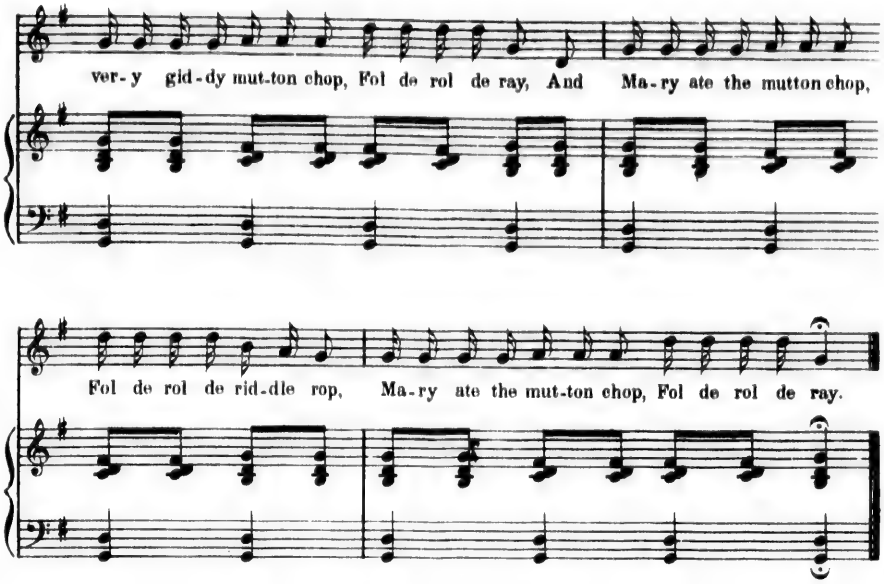
2. It went with her to Col-lege, But as a tin-y bunch,— A dain-ty sam-ple of its worth, A por-tion of her lunch, A por-tion of her lunch, A por-tion of her lunch.

3. What makes the sheep love Ma-ry, As in its gore it drops, 'Cause Ma-ry's fond of mut-ton, And hank-ers aft-er chops, And hank-ers aft-er chops, And hank-ers aft-er chops.

con espressione

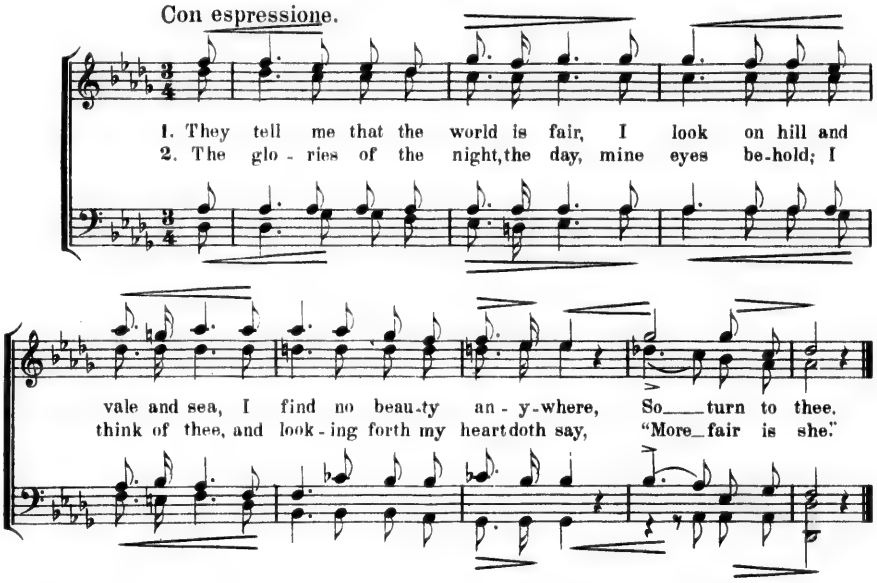
CHORUS.

And a tip-top mut-ton chop, Fol de roll de rid-dle rop, A



FAIREST IS SHE.

Con espressione.



3. They say that in the world above
Are fairer forms; that cannot be
Unless these creatures of God's love
Are like to thee.

4. If angel hosts to me should come,
I'd gaze but once, compare to thee,
And whisper tho' it strike me dumb,
"Fairest is she."

VARSITY.

Majestically. A. E. WICKENS '94.

1. Let all who'neath her som-bre walls now roam at will, With
2. The i - vy man-tled tower her state - ly head doth rear, In
3. The Blue and White, her co-lors chaste, we proud - ly wear, In

(Melody.) (Melody.)

all whose loy - al hearts with joy - ous mem' - ries thrill, Come
pride a - bove the clas - sic walls to us so dear In
many a bat - tle royal they've waved vic - to - rious in the air; The

all her sons and daugh-ters join, as in her praise we sing, Our
mod - est gray and gen - tle green her great-ness she would hide, But
camp-us green, the hurrying ball, we all re - mem - ber well; Our

"Al - ma Ma - ter Blue and White" we'll make the raft - ers ring.
Vars - 'ty sons and Vars - 'ty fame are scat - ter'd far and wide.
co - lors win, our boys we cheer, and for our co - lors yell.

With Spirit.

CHORUS. Here's to Var - si - ty, Dear old Var - si - ty! Rah! Rah!

T - O - R - O - N - T - O! Pur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur -

Rah!— We'll sing for old Var - si - ty, shout for old Var - si - ty

rah!— We'll sing for Var - si - ty, shout for Var - si - ty

(Melody.)

(Melody.)

Al - ma Ma - ter true. Then one more hear - ty, lus - ty, rous - ing

Ad lib.

ff

V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! the "White and Blue."

ff

LEND ME YOUR TEETH.

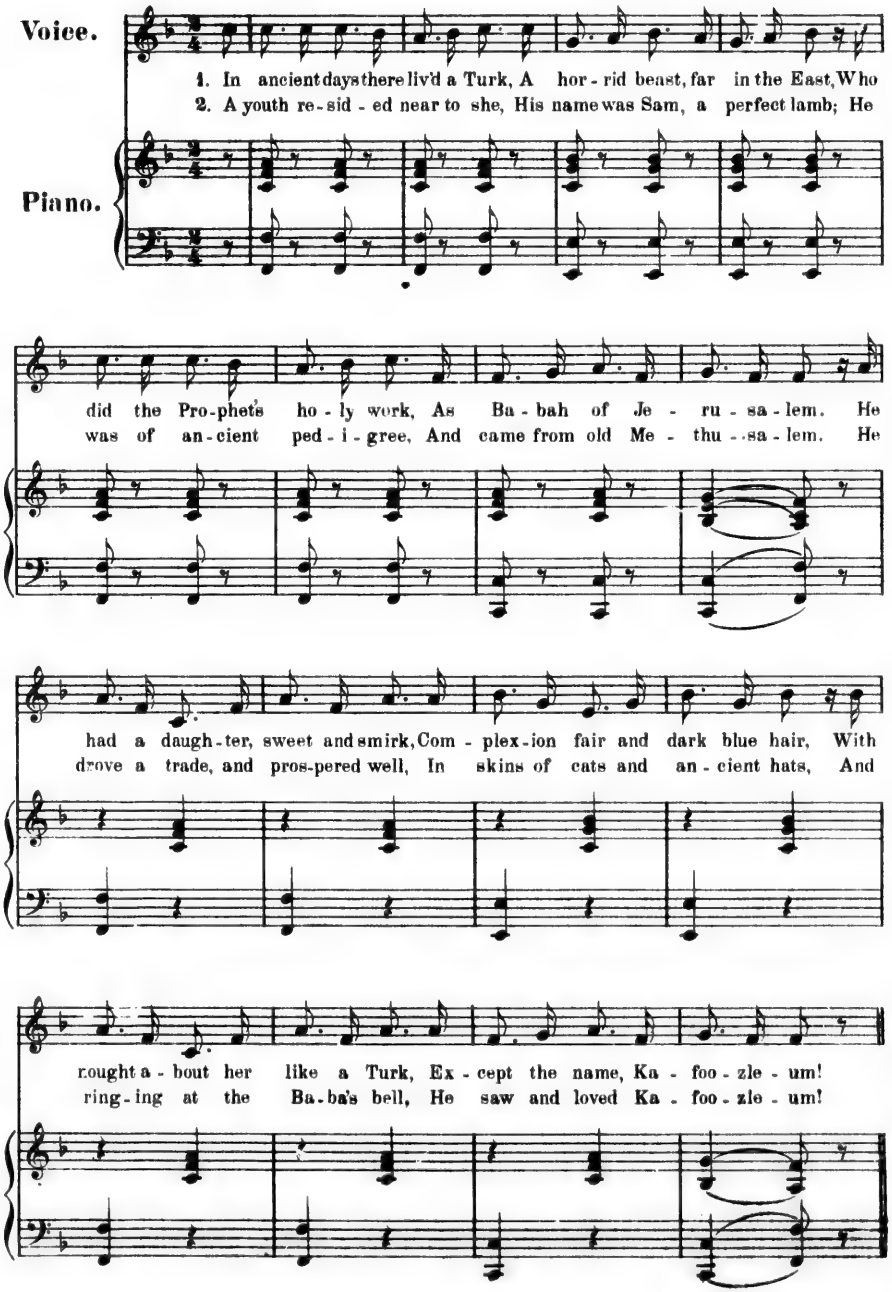
A. D. 2000.

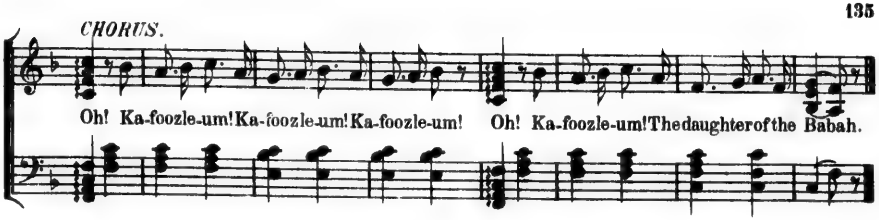
"Lend me your teeth, oh grand-ma dear," The charming maid-en cried.

Melody.

"I've swallowed them, my pet," quoth she "They are on my in - side." In - side.

KA-FOOZLE-UM.


Voice.
Piano.
1. In ancient days there liv'd a Turk, A hor - rid beast, far in the East, Who
2. A youth re - sid - ed near to she, His name was Sam, a perfect lamb; He
did the Pro-phet's ho - ly work, As Ba - bah of Je - ru - sa - lem. He
was of an - cient ped - i - gree, And came from old Me - thu - sa - lem. He
had a daugh - ter, sweet and smirk, Com - plex - ion fair and dark blue hair, With
drove a trade, and pros-pered well, In skins of cats and an - cient hats, And
rought a - bout her like a Turk, Ex - cept the name, Ka - foo - zle - um!
ring - ing at the Ba - ba's bell, He saw and loved Ka - foo - zle - um!



3. If Sam had been a Mussulman,
He might have sold the Babah old,
And with a verse of Alcoran
Have managed to bamboozle him;
But oh dear no! he tried to scheme
Pass'd one night late the area gate,
And stole up to the Turks hareem,
To carry off Ka-fozzle-um!
Chorus.— Oh! Ka-foozle-um etc.

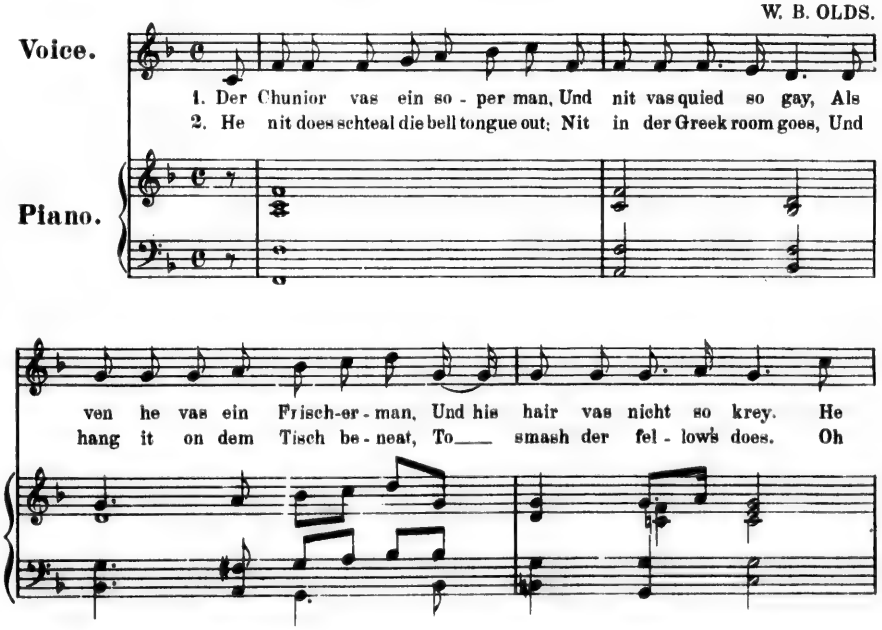
4. The Baba was about to smoke—
His slaves rushed in with horrid din—
"Mashallah! dogs your house have broke;
Come down, my lord, and toozle 'em!"
The Baba wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stair and witnessed there
The gentleman in three old tiles,
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um!
Chorus.— Oh! Ka-foozle-um etc.

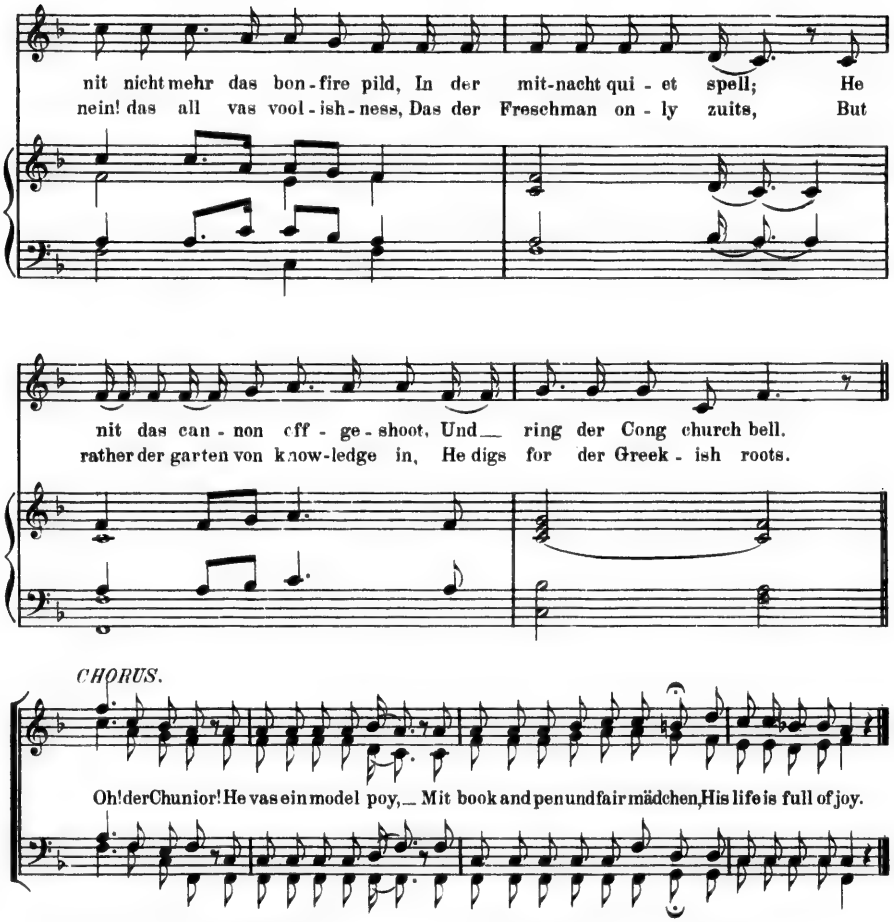
5. The pious Baba said no more
Than twenty prayers, but went up stairs,
And took a bow string from a drawer
And came back to Ka-foozle-um.
The maiden and the youth he took
And choked 'em both, and little, loth
Together pitched 'em in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.
Chorus.— Oh! Ka-foozle-um etc.

6. And still, the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the Eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ruined walls—
A ghost is seen with three old hats,
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um.
Chorus.— Oh! Ka-foozle-um etc.

DER CHUNIOR.

W. B. OLDS.





3. Dose Boets und Pholozophers
Mit bleasure him delight;
Und gaily drough dose Glassic fields
On der Kelly he does rite;
Nein! he vas repend von zinful vays;
Mit vickedness nicht mehr deals,
Oxcept ven he for der bea-nuts
Mit ein Senior euchre spiels.
Chorus. — Oh! der Chunior etc.

4. On Saturday nacht he zallies fort,
Knocks at his mädchen's door,
Und fints dot she on him's vent pack,
Und goned mit ein Sophomore.
On Sonntag in his Schappel seat,
Mit bidder krief does he feel
Dot he mit die girls ven Sophs ees rount,
Vas entirely ausgespielt.
Chorus. — Oh! der Chunior etc.

5. More eloquent als gread Cicero,
Mit vords von sehr gread sense,
Ven he makes much noise at buplig tepates,
Das vas druly yell-oquence.
Ven he can reat der Glassics clear,
To der Prof. in seminaree,
He'll bit farewell der Chunior glass,
Und ein Senior grave vill pe.
Chorus. — Oh! der Chunior etc.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The quaint old tale we know so well, How Red Rid-ing Hood's Moth - er sent her, Thro' woods one day where she fell a prey, To a wolf so at least we're told Now this lit - tle prude had nev - er been wooed, And love would much bet - ter con - tent her; She'd
2. She took her way thro' shad-ed dell, To her grandmoth-er's cot in the clov - er, She tar-ried a-while at the old red stile, In the mead-ow of new mown hay "Now grand-ma," she cried, "soon I'll be at your side, I've scarce been an hour com - ing o - ver;" She
3. "Now stand a - side," she quick - ly cried, "I real - ly feel frightend and stu - pid," "My sweet pret - ty lass why run so fast, For king of your soul I'd be. Up - on my life what a shy lit - tle wife, You'd make for your lov - ing young Cu - pid;" He

al-ways been taught that Cu-pid was naught, But a wolf that was fear-less and
ran with a laugh up the old, old path, But Cu-pid, stood right in her
pierced her heart with his dain-ti-est dart, Sighing "Dar-ling, I live but for

p

bold, A wolf that was fear-less and bold.
way, Yes, Cu-pid stood right in her way.
thee, Yes, dar-ling, I live but for thee."

rit.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.

Lit-tle Red Riding Hood thought not of love, Thought not of love, Her
Lit-tle Red Riding Hood dream-ing no harm, Dream-ing no harm,
Lit-tle Red Riding Hood coy as a dove, Coy as a dove,

heart was as free as the sun-light a-bove, Sun-light a-bove, She
Went to her grand-mother's down on the farm, Down on the farm,
Gazed up-on Cu-pid with eyes full of love, Eyes full of love,

sang all the day as a sweet maid-en should, Sweet maid - en should,
When she got there, at the door Cu-pid stood, There Cu - pid stood,
We won't mind grandma, lets fly thro' the wood, Fly thro' the wood,

rit.

Fair as a rose was our Red Rid-ing Hood, Lit-tle Red Rid - ing Hood.
How do you do, lit-tle Red Rid-ing Hood, Lit-tle Red Rid - ing Hood?
Lord of my heart, say you nev-er will part, From lit-tle Red Rid - ing Hood.

rit.

I KNOW A FRESHMAN.

Not too fast.

1. I know a Fresh - man, a ti - ny lit - tle Fresh - man, The
2. I know a Soph - 'more, a jol - ly, jol - ly Soph - 'more, The

dearest lit - tle Fresh-man that ev - er you did spy; I - dol of his dear pa - pa,
biggest lit - tle Soph-'more that ev - er you did see; Fights like a bil - li - goat,

jew-el of his dear ma - ma, Dear to his sis-ter as the ap-ple of her eye.
crows with a braz-en throat, He loves noth-ing bet - ter than a spree.

Will his beard nev - er grow an - y lon - ger? Will his
Will his cane nev - er grow an - y light - er? Will he

voice nev - er grow an - y strong-er? Will he smoke ci - gar-ettes then for -
al - ways con - tin - ue a fight - er? Will he howl like a de - mon for -

CHORUS.—March Time.

ev - er, Till Freshman year is o'er? } Rolling, reel-ing, roll-ing, reeling, roll-ing
ev - er, Till Sophomore year is o'er? }

home,— Roll-ing, reel-ing, roll-ing reel-ing, roll-ing home;—

And nerv-y is the "cop" that shall stop us, As we go roll-ing home.

3. I know a Junior, a lazy, lazy Junior,
The softest little Junior that ever stole a curl;
He never keeps the rules, he's fond of boarding schools,
He loves nothing better than a girl.
Will his eyes never grow any wilder?
Will his flames never grow any milder?
Will he sigh like a furnace forever,
Till Junior year is o'er? — Rolling etc.

4. I know a Senior, a solemn-coly Senior,
The dryest piece of humbug on the dusty shelf;
He wears a silken hat, and a dizzy red cravat,
He loves nothing better than himself.
Will his brain never grow any weaker?
Will his pride never grow any meeker?
Will he worship himself then forever,
Till Senior year is o'er? —
Rolling, etc.

SUSIE ROSE.

Voice.

Piano.

1. In the wilds of Mus-ko-ka, Where sweet 'squitties buzz, And
2. She is not ver-y pret-ty, In fact the reverse, But
3. I am not ver-y stup-id, I'm not ver-y slow— A

light— clad Cu-pid runs free,— There's a
that's noth-ing, ev-'ry-thing goes,— Said I
fact ev-'ry-bod-y now knows,— But—

sweet lit-tle maid-en And all that she does, Is—
"Su-sie be mine" And she roped me right in, Did my
just for a in-stant I talked o-ver much— And I'm

wait there in pa-tience for me.— I
dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Rose!— To
now to wed sweet Su-sie Rose!— Oh,

told her that she Was dear - er to me, Far
Su - sie I wrote A sweet per - fumed note Say-ing
why is it, why! That your love of Ju - ly Dies

dear - er than large win-ter ros - es, And now I con-fess, I'm un-
that I had changed my in - ten - tions; In re - ply it is hard I re-
out in the air of Sep - tem - ber? The girl I a - dore On the

a - ble to guess, Just what bro't my lips to dis - close this:
ceived a post card, "My law-yer's are" that's all she men - tions.
rocks or the shore, In town you can scarce-ly re - mem - ber.

CHORUS.

She's spare, tall as a flag - pole, When her face I

see, How my heart swells up with thanks That face is not

built on me; But while on my va - ca - tion,

Most un - wit - ting - ly Did I pro - pose to

Su - sie Rose, And Su-sie she "caught on" to me.

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE.

Lightly. W. B. OLDS.

1. A pair to church to - geth - er went, up - on the ser-mon they were bent.
3. On him she bent her bright blue eyes filled with a look of grave surprise.

The preach-er preached with flu-ent ease, on Pha - ri - see and Sad - du - cee.
He quick - ly hast - ened to a - ver he was her ar-dent wor- ship-per.

Fine.

Slower.

2. Then home from church they slow - ly walked, and on the learned dis-course talked;—

Said he to her, "it seems to me, we're Phar - i - see and Sad - du - cee."

D. C.

4. "Ah Ma - ry don't you see," said he, "you are the fair-est Phar - i - see,"

"But you don't care one rap for me, which makes me ver - y Sad - du - cee."

SERENADE.

Words by PERCY B. SHELLEY.

1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing low, And the stars are shin-ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham-ber window, Sweet.

2. The wand'ring airs they faint, On the dark, the si - lent stream, And the Champak's o - dours fail Like sweet thoughts in a dream; The night - in - gale's com-plaint, It dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O be - lov - ed as thou art! fail! Let thy love in kiss - es rain On my lips and eye-lids pale. My cheek is cold and white a - las! My heart beats loud and fast, Oh press it to thine own a - gain, Where it will break at last.

3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I

Chorus (humming).

WAY UP IN FAIR MUSKOKA.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Way up in fair Mus-ko-ka, where the pine-y breez-es blow, And the blue and smil-ing wa-ters wan-der south-ward from the snow: 'Twas there I met my Ma-ry on a balm-y night in June As we float-ed on the wa-ters

2. We wan-dered 'neath the pine trees in love's si-lent ec-sta-sy As we watched the foam-ing tor-rent glid-ing swift-ly to the sea. I wished to live for-ev-er in that sweet en-chant-ed land As I looked on Ma-ry's kind-ling

3. Now Mary and I are wed-ded, and life is a hap-py dream As con-tent-ed we to-geth-er are glid-ing down the stream: But we ne'er for-get Mus-ko-ka or that hap-py night in June When we float-ed on the wa-ters

rit.

CHORUS.

of a crys - tal clear la - goon.
cheeks and gent - ly pressed her hand.
'neath the light of the sil - ver moon.

Way up in fair Mus-

ko - ka is the place for me, When the summer sun is shin-ing 'tis the

Slower.

place to be; There the wick-ed cease from troubling and the wea - ry are at

Slower.

rest; Yes, jol - ly old Mus - ko - ka is the land of the blest.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Voice.

Piano.

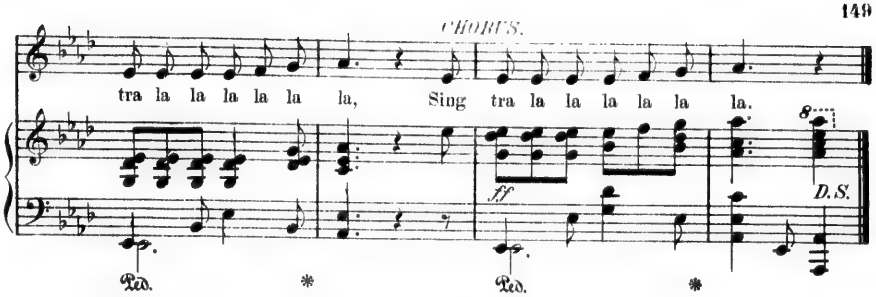
1. There was an old man and he had two sons, He had, he had, He
2. The eld - er son was a god - ly man, He was, he was, And
3. The young - er one was a "son - of-a-gun," He was, he was, He

lived on a ranch, so the sto - ry runs, He did, he did, 'Twas
built on the Mood - y and Sank - ey plan, He was, he was, With
shuf - fled the cards and he played for mon, He did, he did, He

built on the good old Queen An - ne plan. Right next to the new Je -
calm and sanc - ti - mo - ni - ous face, He talked a - bout love and un -
wore a red tie and a high stand-ing col - lar, Would go with the boys and get

ru - sa - lem, The vi - cin - i - ty, it does not mat - ter a bit,
dy - ing grace, And hoped for a seat in the heav - en - ly place, } Sing
full and then hol - ler, O, he was a reg - u - lar "Jim Dan - dy lol - ler,"

Ped. * Ped. *



4. The old fellow's purse was long and fat,
It was, it was,
The Prodigal he was quite on to that,
He was, he was,
And he of the sanctimonious smile,
Just kept his weather eye on the pile,
And hoped he would get there after a-while,
Sing tra la la, etc.

5. To divide on the square, he did his best,
He did, he did,
The Prod. took his share and went out West,
He did, he did, [time,
Fell in with some cowboys and had a great
Woke up in the morning with nary a dime,
Stranded way out in a foreign clime,
Sing tra la la, etc.

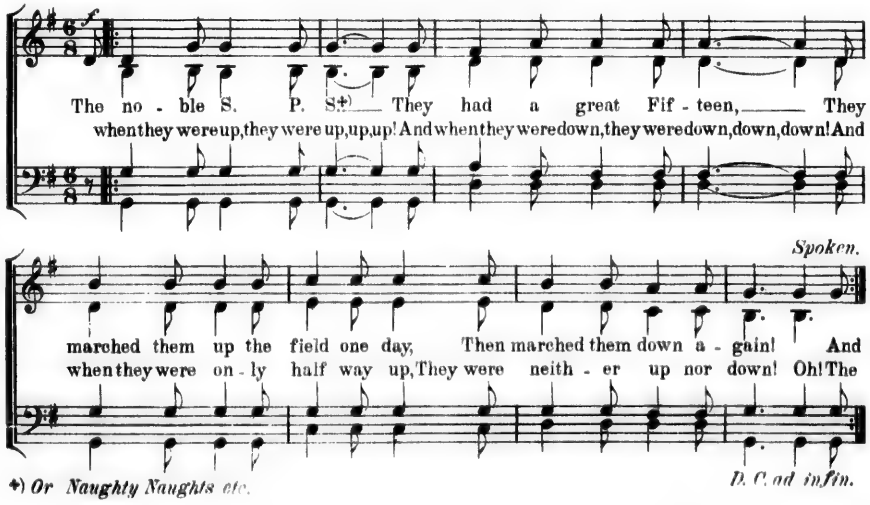
6. A telegraph man in his office sat,
Out West, out West,
When in rushed a tramp without a hat,
Or coat, or vest, [track,
"Come, send this message right over the
The Prod. is a wreck and is coming back,
Have plenty of veal for one on the rack,"
Sing tra la la, etc.

7. The answer he got was both short and direct,
It was, it was,
It read: "Yours received, Go to blazes, collect,"
It did, it did,
The Prod. he was used to the knock-downs of fate,
So pawned his suspenders and put on a skate,
And started for home on a limited freight,
Sing tra la la, etc.

8. To a lawyer's office he went next day,
He did, he did,
And sued the old folks for pay while away,
He did, he did,
Got out an injunction and put them out,
O he was a "la la," you hear me shout,
That's the sort of a Prod. I am singing about,
Sing tra la la, etc.

9. That's all of the yarn "yours truly" knows,
It is, it is,
I've gone as far as the parable goes,
I have, I have,
I've never heard what became of papa,
The religious brother is tending a bar,
And the Prod. I believe is driving a car,
Sing tra la la, etc.

THE NOBLE S. P. S.



+) *Or Naughty Naughts etc.*

EX-FRESHMAN.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

1. Where the
2. A

f

Fine.

rub-ber trees wave o'er the cur-cur-rumb's e, Near the
strip-ed-leg-ged duf-fer, than tripe he was tougher, Con-

mf

base of the rub-gub tree, Where the co-coa-nuts drop from the
sid-er-ab-ly fast-er than fast; In the midst of the tropics he

bunch at the top, On the slum-ber-nus chim-pan-
read his Town Top-ics, With a non-cha-lance un-sur-

zee, Where the riv - er - hogs sport and the wa-ter-bugs sport, And the
passed; He suck-ed at his cane till he look-ed quite in-sane, While his

land-scape is fair to see; Oh, 'twas there he re-tired from
chin point-ed up at the sky; And re - marked with a smile to a

ad lib.

col - lege when fired By the Sen - ate and Fac - ul - -
young croc - o - dile, "Aw! what could be tough - er than

colla voce

ty, By the Sen - ate and Fac - ul - ty!
I? Aw! what could be tough-er than I?"

3. From a thicket hard by, with blood in his eye,
A rhinoceros rushed for a feast;
For a greeting the colder, at the height of his shoulder,
Two fingers he gave to the beast.
The animal gazed with expression amazed,
Then heaved a most heart-rending sigh;
And resignedly said, as he rapidly fled,
"Alas! he is tougher than I."

4. When the elephant came he tried the same game,
With the tiger he found it succeed;
His eye-glass alone, as it singly shone,
He found most effective indeed.
He never was afraid, because, as he said—
And truly he argued it well,—
He would bet ten to seven he'd b ng up in heav'n
Because he was tougher than school.

SALAMAGUNDI.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Sir John De Booz, he wish'd to cruise A - bout the Bay of Biscay; Past
2. Each rak - ish mast was stay'd full fast; More rak - ish was the master; He
3. One day when he was out to sea, The starboard rigging parted; Sir

Fin - is - terre, and an - y - where That sail - ing might be ris - ky; To far Fee - gee, A -
was not staid, and yet, 'twas said He could not be much fast - er. The haughty man quite
John De Booz has had his cruise, And downward he has start - ed. Per - haps some day I'll

mer - i - kee, And through the Bay of Fun - dy; And the yacht he bought he
oft - en ran His ves - sel on a Sun - day; But nev - er a rock was
go his way A - long with Mis - sis Grun - dy; But a mer - maid fair, with

wise - ly thought To christen the "Sal - a - ma - gun - di"
known to shock The beau - ti - ful "Sal - a - ma - gun - di"
flow - ing hair Now sails the "Sal - a - ma - gun - di"

The Sal - a - ma - sal - a - ma -

f *ff* *f*

sal - a - ma-sal - a - ma - sal - a - ma-sal - a - ma - sal - a - ma-sal - a - ma-

sal - a-ma-sal - a - ma - sal - a - ma-sal - a - ma - sal - a-ma-sal - a - ma-gun-di.

THE VARSITY CREW.

Tempo di Marcia.

Voice.

Piano.

ff

Ar - go - nauts think they're sure to win, Let them

talk and put up all their tin: We will bet all the money we have in

view, That we'll show a mile of rud-der to the Ar-go's splashy crew.

D. C.

PLAYIN' BALL.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. De sho'tstopwinks wènde ballam comin' hot,
2. De basemanscowl wènhe hab to jump,
3. De run-ner brace wènde ball am pass'd,
4. De man'gerswear wènde ball passde fence,

Bred'ren,we'se playin' ball, An' De De An'de

Piano.

CHORUS. SOLO.

say he did-n't see it wèn fust it sta't, De
ketch-er tired wèn de foul tips thump, De
pitch-er squirm wèn de hits come fast, Bred'renwe'seplayin' ball, An'
dead-beats yell, "Oh, darn de expense!" De

field-er cuss wèn he drop de fly, An' hol-ler to de cap-'en de
cap-'en weep wènde men don' slide, An' de scor-er root wèn de
fire de ball at de strik-er's head, W'en de nine get blank'd de
scor-er fix up de er-rors at de close, An' de nine dat wins, dey

stacc.

CHORUS. SOLO.

f *rit.*

sun's in his eye, De— bat-ter mighty mad wèn he miss de ball, But de
base-hits— tied, De— pitch-er— sad wèn he gib four balls, But de
back-er am fled, De— gran'-stan' cheers wèn de fab'-rytes win, But de
yell for deir foes, But de um-pire— he neb-ber smile nor frown, But—

f *f*

CHORUS. *a tempo*

f

umpire, he don'— nebber care at all; De— bat-ter mighty mad wèn he miss de ball, But de
umpire grin eb-'ry time he— calls; De— pitch-er— sad wèn he gib four balls, But de
umpire look like he made out of tin; De— gran'-stan' cheers wèn de fab'rytes win, But de
seems so big dat he can't look roun'; But de um-pire he nebber smile nor frown, But—

f

rit. *f* *a tempo*

Adagio.

rit.

umpire, he don'— neb-ber care at all, But de um-pire, he don'— neb-ber care at all.
umpire grin eb-'ry time dat he calls, But de um-pire grin eb-'ry time dat he calls.
umpire look like he made out of tin, But de um-pire look like he made out of tin.
seems so big dat he can't look roun', But—seems so big dat he can't look roun'.

rit.

rit. *Adagio.*

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